THE POETS of the NINETEENTH CENTURY

WILLMOTT.

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NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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THE POETS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SELECTED AND EDITED

BY THE

REV. ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT,

INCUMBENT OF BEARWOOD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED ENGRAVINGS,

DRAWN BY EMINENT ARTISTS,

AND ENGRAVED BY THE BROTHERS DALZIEL.

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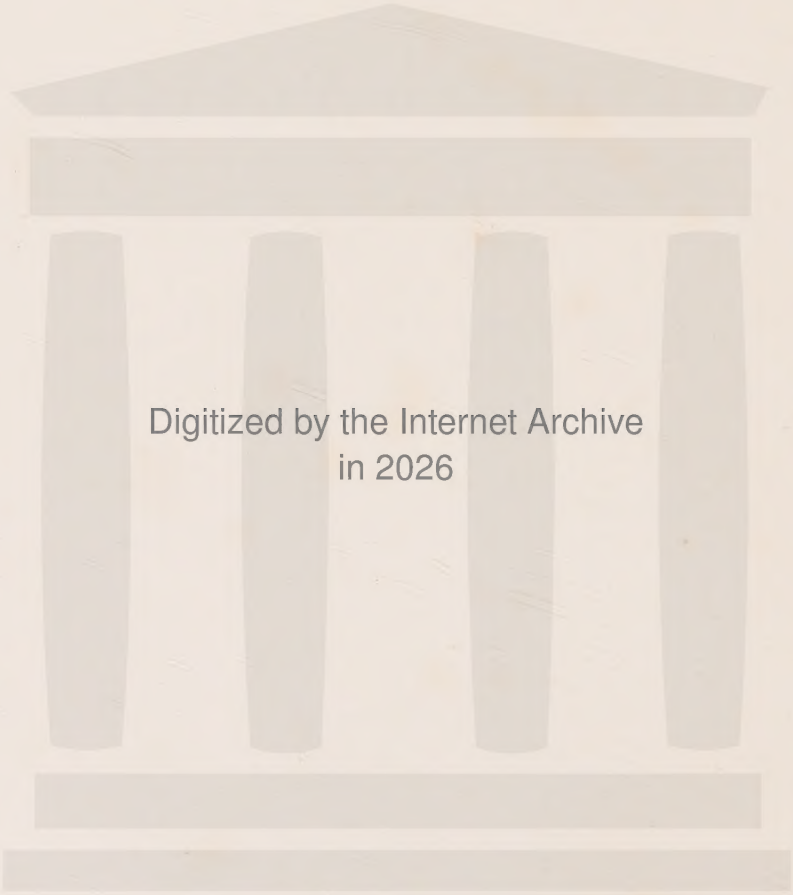
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PREFACE.

VERY suggestive of musical and pleasant thoughts is the Picture-gallery which this Preface opens; and among them is the recollection of the manner in which these choice Word-paintings have been contributed by the Authors, or their representatives; always with liberal promptness, and sometimes with expressions of personal good-will, to be gratefully treasured. Nor can I forget the generous enterprise of the Publishers, and the tasteful skill of the Brothers Dalziel, by whom the grace and the beauty of the pencil have been translated into the popular language of their own Art.

The Volume embraces a period of about eighty-five years, for the first Canto of the Minstrel appeared in 1771; Beattie survived Cowper only three years; while Percy, exchanging the friendship of Goldsmith for that of Scott, lived into the eleventh year of this century. The dates of these poets might seem to exclude them from our calendar; but, in truth, the fancy of the present age was largely inspired and moulded by the past; and the sentiment of the Minstrel, the naturalness of the Task, and the simplicity of the Reliques, very strikingly reappear in Campbell, Wordsworth, and Scott. Nor has the embellished landscape of Darwin been without imitators; while the footprints of Rogers are easily traced in the trim garden-paths of Hayley. One member of the classic band will be less familiar to general readers: I allude to Professor Crowe, whose descriptive poem is written with fine taste, and in choice numbers. The traveller, walking from Charmouth to Lyme, discovers Lewesdon Hill on the

right hand, and forming one of the boundaries to a rich vale chequered by enclosures.

Our Poetry owes many beauties to womanly genius, and in the following pages some specimens of it will be found. The "Psyche" of Mary Tighe yet lives in the memory of Taste; but Scotland furnishes a greater name: "If you wish to speak of a real poet," Scott said to Ballantyne, "Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country." He numbered the description of Orra's madness with the sublimest scenes ever written, and compared the language to Shakspere's. The Songs of Mrs. Hemans afford a lively contrast. It was her misfortune that she wrote to live, instead of living to write. Her compositions, therefore, are unequal; but in her best pieces the eye is delighted by the glow and colour, and the ear is soothed by the varied cadence—often delicious, never harsh. The visionary tenderness and romance of Mrs. Radcliffe are breathed over the Address to Melancholy, and the Song of a Spirit. The quotation from Hannah More was chosen for the subject which it offered to the Artist, who has so happily embodied it in his *genre* sketches. The chaste elegance of Mrs. Barbauld is of a higher order; and very true poetic feeling and utterance are conspicuous in the local pictures and the tender Sonnets of Charlotte Smith, which Miss Seward, clever in her spite, called "everlasting duns upon pity."

One name in the tuneful Sisterhood has a home-interest for me. It seems but yesterday that the shutters were shut in "Our Village," and Mary Russell Mitford went from amongst us. While turning over the leaves of this book, I have thought of the kindly welcome with which she would have greeted the illustration of her own "Rienzi," if I had taken it to her on one of these soft autumn days which she loved so much, and when her familiar lanes and dingles wear their sweetest colours. She had compared her old abode to a bird-cage that might be laid on a shelf, or hung upon a tree; and her latest dwelling was hardly less odd, or dwarfish. But there, also, she had a cool retreat out-of-doors, in the shade of her garden, and I see her sitting in it now with table and book; constant to all her

little heresies of taste; reading the interminable Richardson every year, preferring wood-embers to the fairest moonbeams that ever lighted lovers, and panegyrising the nightingale's song, if accompanied by the moan of the pigeon.

But the Brotherhood has names, also, to be remembered by me with very sincere regard. When I read the description of the dying Adam by James Montgomery,—a passage exquisite in conception, imagery, and language,—the author is before me as I saw him in my early youth. Lisle Bowles is another name to be marked with a white stone. A delightful spot was Bremhill—indeed, is still—with the quaint garden, and the swans, Snow-drop and Lily, sailing up to the parlour window to inquire after their dinner, and Peter the hawk, and the Vicar holding his watch to his ear, to make sure that he had not grown deaf since breakfast. Southey visited the Parsonage when the loveable old man was in his seventy-third year, and presented to the eye of his friend the most entertaining mixture that could be of untidiness, simplicity, benevolence, timidity, and good nature; but nobody smiled at his oddities more heartily than the owner. The poetical merits of Bowles are great. His sonnets delighted Coleridge, and even Byron acknowledged the excellence of The Missionary.

Of all the elder poets of our time, my examples are less numerous than I had hoped to give. The lines of Wordsworth on Tintern Abbey are omitted from want of room; and the most striking effort of Southey's imagination, the agony of Kailyal at her father's flight, was ill-adapted for pictorial use. The fame of Coleridge, however, will not suffer loss by resting on Genevieve, who has caught a new grace from the hand of Millais. Among these earlier poems, the reader will be attracted by the Legend of Kilmeny, which, for a moment, lifts the Shepherd to the side of Burns; by the sunshiny morals of Praed, who reminds me of an Ariosto brought up in England; and by the sea-views and the Dutch painting of Crabbe.

If I could have turned my Preface into an illustrated catalogue, these poems would have furnished agreeable notes; for to many some

little story is attached; as in the case of Keats, whose Ode to the Nightingale was written in the spring of 1819, when the fatal disease lay so heavy at his heart, that Coleridge, meeting him in a lane near Highgate, remarked,—"There is death in that hand." The stanzas beginning "The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill" become more affecting, when we are told that Scott composed them during the languor of sickness, and that they mark the very spot of their birth, now clothed by rich woodlands, the work of the Poet's hand. The Elm Tree might also claim a paragraph, to tell of the solemn Avenue which inspired it; and certainly "Umbrageous Ham" has not been mused in by a more genial visitor, since the frequent feet of Thomson broke the shadows. The noble verses—"Wine of Cyprus" —should recall the memory of the blind Scholar to whom they were addressed; and the compositions of Frances Brown will lose a charm if the shadow on her eyes be forgotten. But of living Poets I may not speak. They are here to speak for themselves in tones of harmony, grandeur, and pathos, to which few ears, I suppose, will be deaf. The list might have been enlarged, but a great Constituency can only be represented by a few Members.

R. A. WILLMOTT.

St. Catherine's,
October 2, 1856

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BEATTIE.

THE POET IN YOUTH.

Lo! where the stripling, wrapt in wonder, roves
Beneath the precipice o'erhung with pine,

And sees on high, amidst th' encircling groves,
From cliff to cliff the foaming torrents shine;
While waters, woods, and winds in concert join,
And Echo swells the chorus to the skies.
Would Edwin this majestic scene resign
For aught the huntsman's puny craft supplies?
Ah! no; he better knows great Nature's charms to prize.

And oft he trac'd the uplands, to survey,
When o'er the sky advanc'd the kindling dawn,
The crimson cloud, blue main, and mountain grey,
And lake, dim gleaming on the smoky lawn:
Far to the West the long, long vale withdrawn,
Where twilight loves to linger for awhile;
And now he faintly kens the bounding fawn,
And villager abroad at early toil,
But, lo! the sun appears! and heaven, earth, ocean smile.

And oft the craggy cliff he lov'd to climb,
When all in mist the world below was lost.
What dreadful pleasure! there to stand sublime,
Like shipwreck'd mariner on desert coast,
And view th' enormous waste of vapour, toss'd
In billows, lengthening to th' horizon round,
Now scoop'd in gulfs, with mountains now emboss'd!
And hear the voice of mirth and song rebound,
Flocks, herds, and waterfalls, along the hoar profound!

In truth, he was a strange and wayward wight,
Fond of each gentle and each dreadful scene.
In darkness and in storm he found delight;
Nor less, than when on ocean-wave serene
The southern sun diffus'd his dazzling sheen.
E'en sad vicissitude amus'd his soul;
And if a sigh would sometimes intervene,
And down his cheek a tear of pity roll,
A sigh, a tear so sweet he wish'd not to control.

See, in the rear of the warm sunny shower,
The visionary boy from shelter fly;
For now the storm of summer rain is o'er,
And cool, and fresh, and fragrant is the sky.
And, lo! in the dark East, expanded high,
The rainbow brightens to the setting sun!
Fond fool, that deem'st the streaming glory nigh;
How vain the chase thine ardour has begun!
'T is fled afar, ere half thy purpos'd race be run.

When the long-sounding curfew from afar
Loaded with loud lament the lonely gale,
Young Edwin, lighted by the evening star,
Lingering and listening, wander'd down the vale.
There would he dream of graves and corses pale,
And ghosts that to the charnel-dungeon throng,
And drag a length of clanking chain, and wail,
Till silenc'd by the owl's terrific song,
Or blast that shrieks by fits the shuddering aisles along.

Or, when the setting moon, in crimson dyed,
Hung o'er the dark and melancholy deep,
To haunted streams, remote from man, he hied,
Where fays of yore their revels wont to keep;
And there let Fancy rove at large, till sleep
A vision brought to his entrancèd sight.
And first, a wildly murmuring wind 'gan creep
Shrill to his ringing ear; then tapers bright,
With instantaneous gleam, illum'd the vault of night.

Anon in view a portal's blazon'd arch
Arose; the trumpet bids the valves unfold;
And forth an host of little warriors march,
Grasping the diamond lance and targe of gold.
Their look was gentle, their demeanour bold,
And green their helms, and green their silk attire;
And here and there, right venerably old,

The long-rob'd minstrels wake the warbling wire,
And some with mellow breath the martial pipe inspire.

With merriment, and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of dames from myrtle bowers advance;
The little warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance;
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze;
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along: with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze.

MORNING LANDSCAPE.

But who the melodies of morn can tell?
The wild brook babbling down the mountain side;
The lowing herd; the sheepfold's simple bell;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley; echoing far and wide,
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above;
The hollow murmur of the ocean tide;
The hum of bees, the linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark;
Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milkmaid sings;
The whistling ploughman stalks afield; and, hark!
Down the rough slope the ponderous wagon rings;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs;

Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour;
The partridge bursts away on whirring wings;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

CALM AND STORM.

Oft when the winter storm had ceas'd to rave,
He roam'd the snowy waste at even, to view
The cloud stupendous, from th' Atlantic wave
High towering, sail along th' horizon blue:
Where, 'midst the changeful scenery ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
More wildly great than ever pencil drew—
Rocks, torrents, gulfs, and shapes of giant size,
And glitt'ring cliffs on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise.

Thence musing onward to the sounding shore,
The lone enthusiast oft would take his way,
Listening, with pleasing dread, to the deep roar
Of the wide-weltering waves. In black array
When sulphurous clouds roll'd on th' autumnal day;
E'en then he hasten'd from the haunt of man,
Along the trembling wilderness to stray,
What time the lightning's fierce career began,
And o'er heaven's rending arch the rattling thunder ran.

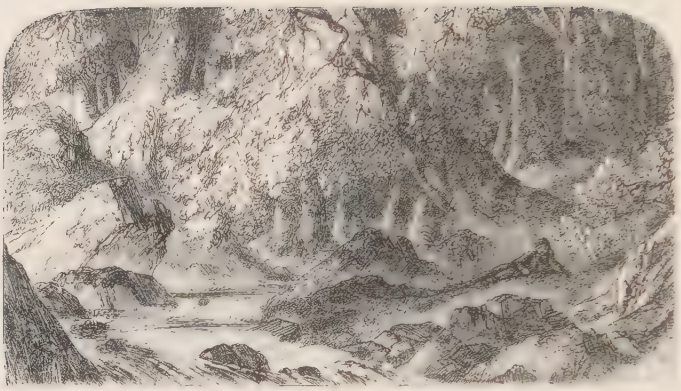
A VALLEY AMONG THE HILLS.

Thither he hied, enamour'd of the scene;
For rocks on rocks pil'd, as by magic spell,
Here scorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and east this savage dell.
Southward a mountain rose with easy swell,
Whose long, long groves eternal murmur made:
And toward the western sun a streamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye remote survey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and skies in gold array'd.

Along this narrow valley you might see
The wild deer sporting on the level ground,
And, here and there, a solitary tree,
Or mossy stone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the sound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the summit of that craggy mound
The piercing eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or, on resounding wings, to shoot athwart the sky.

One cultivated spot there was, that spread
Its flowery bosom to the noonday beam,
Where many a rosebud rears its blushing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling sound of grove and stream,
Romantic visions swarm on Edwin's soul:
He minded not the sun's last trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When slowly on his ear these moving accents stole:

"Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose!
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude! the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs."



RETIREMENT.

When in the crimson cloud of even
The lingering light decays,
And Hesper on the front of heaven
His glittering gem displays;
Deep in the silent vale, unseen,
Beside a lulling stream,
A pensive youth, of placid mien,
Indulg'd this tender theme:

"Ye cliffs, in hoary grandeur pil'd,
High o'er the glimmering dale;
Ye woods, along whose windings wild
Murmurs the solemn gale:
Where Melancholy strays forlorn,
And Woe retires to weep,
What time the wan moon's yellow horn
Gleams on the western deep:

"To you, ye wastes, whose artless charms
Ne'er drew Ambition's eye,
Scap'd a tumultuous world's alarms,
To your retreats I fly.
Deep in your most sequester'd bower
Let me at last recline,
Where Solitude, mild, modest Power,
Leans on her ivied shrine.

"How shall I woo thee, matchless Fair?
Thy heavenly smile how win?
Thy smile that smooths the brow of Care,
And stills the storm within?
O, wilt thou to thy favourite grove
Thine ardent votary bring,
And bless his hours, and bid them move
Serene, on silent wing?

"Oft let Remembrance sooth his mind
With dreams of former days,
When, in the lap of Peace reclin'd,
He fram'd his infant lays;
When Fancy rov'd at large, nor Care
Nor cold Distrust alarm'd,
Nor Envy with malignant glare
His simple youth had harm'd.

"'T was then, O Solitude! to thee
His early vows were paid,
From heart sincere, and warm, and free,
Devoted to the shade.
Ah! why did Fate his steps decoy
In stormy paths to roam,
Remote from all congenial joy?—
O, take the Wanderer home!

"Thy shades, thy silence, now be mine,
Thy charms my only theme;
My haunt the hollow cliff, whose pine
Waves o'er the gloomy stream;—
Whence the scar'd owl on pinions gray
Breaks from the rustling boughs,
And down the lone vale sails away
To more profound repose.

"O, while to thee the woodland pours
Its wildly warbling song,
And balmy, from the bank of flowers,
The zephyr breathes along;
Let no rude sound invade from far,
No vagrant foot be nigh,
No ray from Grandeur's gilded car
Flash on the startled eye.

"But if some pilgrim through the glade
Thy hallow'd bowers explore,
O guard from harm his hoary head,
And listen to his lore;
For he of joys divine shall tell,
That wean from earthly woe,
And triumph o'er the mighty spell
That chains his heart below.

"For me, no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful Hope misled:
Leaps my fond fluttering heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

COWPER.

YARDLEY OAK.

Survivor sole, and hardly such, of all
That once liv'd here, thy brethren, at my birth,

(Since which I number threescore winters past,)
A shatter'd vet'ran, hollow-trunk'd perhaps,
As now, and with excoriate forks deform,
Relics of ages! could a mind, imbued
With truth from Heaven, created thing adore,
I might with reverence kneel, and worship thee.

It seems idolatry with some excuse,
When our forefather Druids in their oaks
Imagin'd sanctity. The conscience, yet
Unpurified by an authentic act
Of amnesty, the meed of blood divine,
Lov'd not the light, but, gloomy, into gloom
Of thickest shades, like Adam after taste
Of fruit proscribed, as to a refuge, fled.

Thou wast a bauble once—a cup and ball,
Which babes might play with; and the thievish jay,
Seeking her food, with ease might have purloin'd
The auburn nut that held thee, swallowing down
Thy yet close-folded latitude of boughs
And all thine embryo vastness at a gulp.
But Fate thy growth decreed; autumnal rains
Beneath thy parent tree mellow'd the soil
Design'd thy cradle; and a skipping deer,
With pointed hoof dibbling the glebe, prepar'd
The soft receptacle, in which, secure,
Thy rudiments should sleep the winter through.

So Fancy dreams. Disprove it, if ye can,
Ye reas'ners broad awake, whose busy search
Of argument, employ'd too oft amiss,
Sifts half the pleasures of short life away!

Thou fell'st mature; and in the loamy clod,
Swelling with vegetative force instinct,
Did burst thine egg, as theirs the fabled Twins,

Now stars; two lobes, protruding, pair'd exact;
A leaf succeeded, and another leaf,
And, all the elements thy puny growth
Fost'ring propitious, thou becam'st a twig.

Who liv'd, when thou wast such? O could'st thou speak,
As in Dodona once thy kindred trees
Oracular, I would not curious ask
The future, best unknown, but at thy mouth,
Inquisitive, the less ambiguous past.

By thee I might correct, erroneous oft,
The clock of history, facts and events
Timing more punctual, unrecorded facts
Recovering, and misstated setting right,—
Desp'rate attempt, till trees shall speak again!

Time made thee what thou wast, king of the woods;
And Time hath made thee what thou art—a cave
For owls to roost on. Once thy spreading boughs
O'erhung the champaign; and the num'rous flocks
That graz'd it stood beneath that ample cope
Uncrowded, yet safe-shelter'd from the storm.
No flock frequents thee now. Thou hast outliv'd
Thy popularity, and art become
(Unless verse rescue thee awhile) a thing
Forgotten, as the foliage of thy youth.

While thus through all the stages thou hast push'd
Of treeship—first a seedling, hid in grass;
Then twig; then sapling; and, as cent'ry roll'd
Slow after century, a giant bulk
Of girth enormous, with moss-cushion'd root
Upheav'd, above the soil, and sides emboss'd
With prominent wens globose—till at the last
The rottenness, which Time is charged t' inflict
On other mighty ones, found also thee.

What exhibitions various hath the world
Witness'd of mutability, in all
That we account most durable below!
Change is the diet on which all subsist,
Created changeable, and change at last
Destroys them. Skies uncertain now the heat
Transmitting cloudless, and the solar beam
Now quenching in a boundless sea of clouds—
Calm and alternate storm, moisture and drought,
Invigorate by turns the springs of life
In all that live, plant, animal, and man,
And in conclusion mar them. Nature's threads,
Fine passing thought e'en in her coarsest works,
Delight in agitation, yet sustain
The force that agitates, not unimpair'd;
But, worn by frequent impulse, to the cause
Of their best tone their dissolution owe.

Thought cannot spend itself, comparing still
The great and little of thy lot, thy growth
From almost nullity into a state
Of matchless grandeur, and declension thence,
Slow, into such magnificent decay.
Time was, when, settling on thy leaf, a fly
Could shake thee to thy root—and time has been
When tempests could not. At thy firmest age
Thou hadst within thy bole solid contents,
That might have ribb'd the sides and plank'd the deck
Of some flagg'd admiral; and tortuous arms,
The shipwright's darling treasure, didst present
To the four-quarter'd winds, robust and bold,
Warp'd into tough knee-timber, many a load!
But the axe spar'd thee. In those thriftier days
Oaks fell not, hewn by thousands to supply
The bottomless demands of contest, wag'd
For senatorial honours. Thus to Time
The task was left to whittle thee away

With his sly scythe, whose ever-nibbling edge,
Noiseless, an atom, and an atom more,
Disjoining from the rest, has, unobserv'd,
Achiev'd a labour which had far and wide,
By man perform'd, made all the forest ring.

Embowell'd now, and of thy ancient self
Possessing nought but the scoop'd rind, that seems
A huge throat calling to the clouds for drink,
Which it would give in rivulets to thy root,
Thou temptest none, but rather much forbidd'st
The feller's toil, which thou couldst ill requite.
Yet is thy root sincere, sound as the rock,
A quarry of stout spurs and knotted fangs,
Which, crook'd into a thousand whimsies, clasp
The stubborn soil, and hold thee still erect.

So stands a kingdom whose foundation yet
Fails not, in virtue and in wisdom laid,
Though all the superstructure, by the tooth
Pulverized of venality, a shell
Stands now, and semblance only of itself!

Thine arms have left thee. Winds have rent them off
Long since, and rovers of the forest wild,
With bow and shaft, have burnt them. Some have left
A splinter'd stump, bleach'd to a snowy white;
And some, memorial none where once they grew.
But life still lingers in thee, and puts forth
Proof not contemptible of what she can,
Even where death predominates. The Spring
Finds thee not less alive to her sweet force
Than yonder upstarts of the neighb'ring wood,
So much thy juniors, who their birth received
Half a millennium since the date of thine.

But since, although well qualified by age
To teach, no spirit dwells in thee, nor voice
May be expected from thee, seated here
On thy distorted root, with hearers none,
Or prompter, save the scene, I will perform
Myself the oracle, and will discourse
In my own ear such matter as I may.

One man alone, the father of us all,
Drew not his life from woman; never gaz'd,
With mute unconsciousness of what he saw,
On all around him; learn'd not by degrees,
Nor ow'd articulation to his ear;
But, moulded by his Maker into man,
At once upstood intelligent, survey'd
All creatures, with precision understood
Their purport, uses, properties, assign'd
To each his name significant, and, fill'd
With love and wisdom, render'd back to Heav'n
In praise harmonious the first air he drew.
He was excus'd the penalties of dull
Minority: no tutor charg'd his hand
With the thought-tracing quill, or task'd his mind
With problems. History, not wanted yet,
Lean'd on her elbow, watching Time, whose course,
Eventful, should supply her with a theme.

LINES TO MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O THAT those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solac'd me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"

The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it,) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting words shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, griev'd themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
What ardently I wish'd, I long believ'd,
And, disappointed still, was still deceiv'd;
By expectation every day beguil'd,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplor'd thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nurs'ry floor;
And where the gard'ner Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the pastoral house our own.
Short-liv'd possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effac'd
A thousand other themes less deeply trac'd.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;—
All this, and, more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interpos'd too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little notic'd here.
Could Time, his flight revers'd, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I prick'd them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head, and smile.)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart;—the dear delight
Seems so to be desir'd, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,

So little to be lov'd, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd, and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile.
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar;"
And thy lov'd consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd,—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
Yet O the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time unrevok'd has run
His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem t' have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renew'd the joys that once were mine
Without the sin of violating thine;
And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself remov'd, thy pow'r to soothe me left.

HAYLEY.

THE VISION OF SERENA.

" Well may'st thou bend o'er this congenial sphere ;
For Sensibility is Sovereign here.
Thou seest her train of sprightly damsels sport,
Where the soft spirit holds her rural court ;
But fix thine eye attentive to the plain,
And mark the varying wonders of her reign."
As thus she spoke, she pois'd her airy seat
High o'er a plain exhaling every sweet ;
For round its precincts all the flowers that bloom
Fill'd the delicious air with rich perfume ;
And in the midst a verdant throne appear'd,

In simplest form by graceful fancy rear'd,
And deck'd with flowers; not such whose flaunting dyes
Strike with the strongest tint our dazzled eyes;
But those wild herbs that ten'drest fibres bear,
And shun th' approaches of a damper air.
Here stood the lovely ruler of the scene,
And beauty, more than pomp, announced The Queen.
The bending snowdrop and the briar-rose,
The simple circle of her crown compose;
Roses of every hue her robe adorn,
Except th' insipid rose without a thorn.
Of that enchanting age her figure seems,
When smiling Nature with the vital beams
Of vivid youth, and Pleasure's purple flame,
Gilds her accomplish'd work, the female frame,
With rich luxuriance tender, sweetly wild,
And just between the woman and the child.
Her fair left arm around a vase she flings,
From which the tender plant mimosa springs;
Towards its leaves, o'er which she fondly bends,
The youthful fair her vacant hand extends
With gentle motion, anxious to survey
How far the feeling fibres own her sway;
The leaves, as conscious of their Queen's command,
Successive fall at her approaching hand;
While her soft breast with pity seems to pant,
And shrinks at every shrinking of the plant.
Around their sovereign, on the verdant ground,
Sweet airy forms in mystic measures bound.
Unnumber'd damsels different charms display,
Pensive with bliss, or in their pleasures gay.
But, the bright triumphs of their joy to check,
In the clear air there hangs a dusky speck;
It swells—it spreads—and rapid, as it grows,
O'er the gay scene a chilling shadow throws.
The soft Serena, who beheld its flight,
Suspects no evil from a cloud so light;

But, ah! too soon, with pity's tender pain,
She saw its dire effect o'er all the plain:
Sudden from thence the sounds of anguish flow,
And joy's sweet carols end in shrieks of woe.
Here gloomy Terror, with a shadowy rope,
Seems, like a Turkish mute, to strangle Hope.
But pangs more cruel, more intensely keen,
Wound and distract their sympathetic Queen.
With fruitless tears she o'er their misery bends;
From her sweet brow the thorny rose she rends,
And, bow'd by grief's insufferable weight,
Frantic she curses her immortal state:
The soft Serena, as this curse she hears,
Feels her bright eye suffus'd with kindred tears.
  The guardian POWER survey'd her lovely grief,
And spoke in gentle terms of mild relief:
"For this soft tribe they heaviest fear dismiss,
And know their pains are transient as their bliss:
Rapture and agony, in Nature's loom,
Have form'd the changing tissue of their doom;
Both interwoven with so nice an art,
No power can tear the twisted threads apart;
Yet happier these, to Nature's heart more dear,
Than the dull offspring in the torpid sphere,
Where her warm wishes, and affections kind,
Lose their bright current in the stagnant mind.
Here grief and joy so suddenly unite,
That anguish serves to sublimate delight."
  She spoke; and, ere Serena could reply,
The vapour vanish'd from the lucid sky,
The nymphs revive, the shadowy fiends are fled,
The new-born flowers a richer fragrance shed,—
While on the lovely Queen's enchanting face,
Departed sorrow's faint and fainter trace
Gave to each touching charm a more attractive grace.

HURDIS.

RURAL SOUNDS

Be nothing heard,
Save the far-distant murmur of the deep--

Or the near grasshopper's incessant note,
That snug beneath the wall in comfort sits,
And chirping imitates the silvery chink
Of wages told into the ploughman's palm—
Or gentle curlew bidding kind good night
To the spent villager, or ere his hand
The cottage taper quench—or grazing ox
His dewy supper from the savoury herb
Audibly gathering—or cheerful hind
From the lov'd harvest-feast returning home,
Whistling at intervals some rustic air.
Such rural sounds,
If haply notic'd by the musing mind,
Sweet interruption yield, and thrice improve
The solemn luxury of idle thought.
If not abroad I sit, but sip at home
The cheering beverage of fading eve,
By some fair hand, or ere it reach the lip,
With mingled flavour tinctur'd of the cane
And Asiatic leaf, let the mute flock,
As from the window studious looks mine eye,
Steal fold-ward nibbling o'er the shadowy down—
Let the reluctant milch-kine of the farm
Wend slowly from the pasture to the pail.
Let the glad ox, unyok'd, make haste to field,
And the stout wain-horse, of encumbrance stript,
Shake his enormous limbs with blund'ring speed,
Eager to gratify his famish'd lip
With taste of herbage and the meadow-brook.

CHARLOTTE SMITH.

THE SWALLOW.

The gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay,
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled Spring,
  The Swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
  And hail'd her as she pass'd.

Come, summer visitant, attach
  To my reed-roof your nest of clay,
And let my ear your music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
  At the grey dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian Sage,
  The Hindustani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage,
As if 't were mark'd in written page,
  Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
  That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
  You came across the sea.

I would a little while restrain
  Your rapid wing, that I might hear
Whether on clouds that bring the rain,
You sail'd above the western main,
  The wind your charioteer.

In Afric, does the sultry gale,
  Through spicy bower, and palmy grove,
Bear the repeated Cuckoo's tale?
Dwells *there* a time, the wandering Rail,
  Or the itinerant Dove?

Were you in Asia? O relate,
If there your fabled sister's woes
She seem'd in sorrow to narrate;
Or sings she but to celebrate
Her nuptials with the rose?

I would inquire how, journeying long
The vast and pathless ocean o'er,
You ply again those pinions strong,
And come to build anew among
The scenes you left before;

But if, as cooler breezes blow,
Prophetic of the waning year,
You hide, though none knew when or how,
In the cliff's excavated brow,
And linger torpid here;

Thus lost to life, what favouring dream
Bids you to happier hours awake;
And tells, that dancing in the beam,
The light gnat hovers o'er the stream,
The May-fly on the lake?

Or if, by instinct taught to know
Approaching dearth of insect food,
To isles and willowy aits you go,
And crowding on the pliant bough,
Sink in the dimpling flood:

How learn ye, while the cold waves boom
Your deep and oosy couch above,
The time when flowers of promise bloom,
And call you from your transient tomb,
To light, and life, and love?

Alas! how little can be known,
  Her sacred veil where Nature draws;
Let baffled Science humbly own,
Her mysteries understood alone
  By HIM who gives her laws.

SONNET WRITTEN AT THE CLOSE OF SPRING.

THE garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
  Each simple flower, which she had nurs'd in dew,
Anemones, that spangled every grove,
  The primrose wan, and harebell mildly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
  Or purple orchis variegate the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
  And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.

Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
  Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
  Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May new buds and flowers shall bring;
  Ah! why has happiness no second spring?

SONNET.

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
Rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
And, though his path through thorns and roughness lay,
Pluck the wild rose or woodbine's gadding flowers,
Wearing gay wreaths beneath some sheltering tree,
The sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
So have I sought thy flowers, fair Poesy!
So charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.

But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
Dark with new clouds of evil yet to come,
Her pencil, sickening, Fancy throws away,
And weary Hope reclines upon the tomb,
And points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
Where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

SONNET ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

Sweet poet of the woods, a long adieu!
Farewell, soft minstrel of the early year!
Ah! 't will be long ere thou shalt sing anew,
And pour thy music on the night's dull ear.
Whether on Spring thy wandering flights await,
Or whether silent in our groves you dwell,
The pensive Muse shall own thee for her mate,
And still protect the song she loves so well.

With cautious step the love-lorn youth shall glide
Thro' the lone brake that shades thy mossy nest;
And shepherd-girls from eyes profane shall hide
The gentle bird, who sings of pity best:
For still thy voice shall soft affections move,
And still be dear to sorrow, and to love!

FROM "BEACHY HEAD."

I ONCE was happy, when, while yet a child,
I learn'd to love these upland solitudes,
And when, elastic as the mountain air,
To my light spirit care was yet unknown,
And evil unforeseen :—early it came,

And childhood scarcely past, I was condemn'd,
A guiltless exile, silently to sigh,
While Memory, with faithful pencil, drew
The contrast; and regretting, I compar'd
With the polluted smoky atmosphere
And dark and stifling streets, the southern hills,
That, to the setting sun their graceful heads
Rearing, o'erlook the frith, where Vecta breaks
With her white rocks the strong impetuous tide,
When western winds the vast Atlantic urge
To thunder on the coast. Haunts of my youth!
Scenes of fond day-dreams, I behold ye yet!
Where 't was so pleasant by thy northern slopes
To climb the winding sheep-path, aided oft
By scatter'd thorns; whose spring branches bore
Small woolly tufts, spoils of the vagrant lamb
There seeking shelter from the noonday sun:
And pleasant, seated on the short soft turf,
To look beneath upon the hollow way
While heavily upward mov'd the labouring wain,
And stalking slowly by, the sturdy hind,
To ease his panting team, stopp'd with a stone
The grating wheel.

Advancing higher still,
The prospect widens, and the village church
But little, o'er the lowly roofs around,
Rears its grey belfry, and its simple vane;
Those lowly roofs of thatch are half conceal'd
By the rude arms of trees, lovely in Spring,
When on each bough the rosy tinctur'd bloom
Sits thick, and promises autumnal plenty.
For even those orchards round the Norman farms,
Which, as their owners mark the promis'd fruit,
Console them for the vineyards of the South,
Surpass not these.

Where woods of ash, and beech,
And partial copses, fringe the green hill foot,

The upland shepherd rears his modest home;
There wanders by a little nameless stream
That from the hill wells forth, bright now and clear,
Or after rain with chalky mixture grey,
But still refreshing in its shallow course

The cottage garden; most for use design'd,
Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine
Mantles the little casement; yet the briar
Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers;
And pansies ray'd, and freak'd and mottled pinks

Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue;
There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow
Almost uncultur'd: some with dark green leaves
Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white;
Others like velvet robes of regal state
Of richest crimson; while, in thorny moss
Enshrin'd and cradled, the most lovely wear
The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek.—
With fond regret I recollect e'en now
In Spring and Summer what delight I felt
Among these cottage gardens, and how much
Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush
By village housewife or her ruddy maid,
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleas'd,
An early worshipper at Nature's shrine,
I lov'd her rudest scenes—warrens, and heaths,
And yellow commons, and birch-shaded hollows,
And hedgerows, bordering unfrequented lanes
Bower'd with wild roses, and the clasping woodbine,
Where purple tassels of the tangling vetch
With bittersweet and bryony inweave,
And the dew fills the silver bindweed's cups,—
I lov'd to trace the brooks whose humid banks
Nourish the harebell, and the freckled pagil;
And stroll among o'ershadowing woods of beech,
Lending in Summer from the heats of noon
A whispering shade; while haply there reclines
Some pensive lover of uncultur'd flowers,
Who from the tumps, with bright green mosses clad,
Plucks the wood sorrel with its light thin leaves,
Heart-shaped, and triply-folded, and its root
Creeping like beaded coral; or who there
Gathers, the copse's pride, anemones,
With rays like golden studs on ivory laid
Most delicate: but touch'd with purple clouds,
Fit crown for April's fair but changeful brow.

ANNA SEWARD.

SONG.

From thy waves, stormy Lannow, I fly;
From the rocks, that are lash'd by their tide;
From the maid, whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride!—
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
Her smile to that scene could impart
A charm, that might rival the bloom of the vale—
But away, thou fond dream of my heart!
From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly!

Now the blasts of the winter come on,
And the waters grow dark as they rise!
But 'tis well! they resemble the sullen disdain
That has lour'd in those insolent eyes.
Sincere were the sighs they represt,
But they rose in the days that are flown!
Ah, nymph! unrelenting and cold as thou art,
My spirit is proud as thine own.
From thy rocks, stormy Lannow, I fly!

Lo! the wings of the sea-fowl are spread
To escape the loud storm by their flight;
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat
From the winds and the billows of night;
Like them, to the home of my youth,
Like them, to its shades I retire;
Receive me, and shield my vex'd spirit, ye groves,
From the pangs of insulted desire!
To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu!

MARCH OF CAMBYSES.

When Heaven's dread justice smites in crimes o'ergrown
The blood-nurs'd tyrant on his purple throne,
Gnomes! your bold forms unnumber'd arms outstretch,
And urge the vengeance o'er the guilty wretch.
Thus when Cambyses led his barbarous hosts
From Persia's rocks to Egypt's trembling coasts,
Defiled each hallow'd fane, and sacred wood,
And, drunk with fury, swell'd the Nile with blood;
Wav'd his proud banner o'er the Theban states,
And pour'd destruction through her hundred gates;
In dread divisions march'd the marshall'd bands,
And swarming armies blacken'd all the lands,
By Memphis these to Ethiop's sultry plains,
And those to Ammon's sand-encircled fanes.
Slow as they pass'd the indignant temples frown'd,
Low curses muttering from the vaulted ground;
Long aisles of cypress wav'd their deepen'd glooms,
And quivering spectres grinn'd amid the tombs;
Prophetic whispers breath'd from Sphinx's tongue,
And Memnon's lyre with hollow murmurs rung;
Burst from each pyramid expiring groans,
And darker shadows stretch'd their lengthen'd cones,
Day after day their dreadful rout they steer,
Lust in the van, and rapine in the rear.

Gnomes! as they march'd, you hid the gather'd fruits,
The bladed grass, sweet grains, and mealy roots;
Scar'd the tired quails, that journey o'er their heads,
Retain'd the locusts in their earthy beds;
Bade on your sands no night-born dews distil,
Stay'd with vindictive hands the scanty rill.
Loud o'er the camp the fiend of Famine shrieks,
Calls all her brood, and champs her hundred beaks;

O'er ten square leagues her pennons broad expand,
And twilight swims upon the shuddering sand;
Perch'd on her crest the griffin Discord clings,
And giant Murder rides between her wings;
Blood from each clotted hair, and horny quill,
And showers of tears in blended streams distil;
High pois'd in air her spiry neck she bends,
Rolls her keen eye, her dragon-claws extends,
Darts from above, and tears at each fell swoop
With iron fangs the decimated troop.

Now o'er their head the whizzing whirlwinds breathe,
And the live desert pants, and heaves beneath;
Ting'd by the crimson sun, vast columns rise
Of eddying sands, and war amid the skies,
In red arcades the billowy plain surround,
And whirling turrets stalk along the ground.
—Long ranks in vain their shining blades extend,
To demon-gods their knees unhallow'd bend.—
Wheel in wide circle, form in hollow square,
And now they front, and now they fly the war,
Pierce the deaf tempest with lamenting cries,
Press their parch'd lips, and close their bloodshot eyes.
—Gnomes! o'er the waste you led your myriad powers,
Climb'd on the whirls, and aim'd the flinty showers!
Onward resistless rolls the infuriate surge,
Clouds follow clouds, and mountains mountains urge;
Wave over wave the driving desert swims,
Bursts o'er their heads, inhumes their struggling limbs;
Man mounts on man, on camels camels rush,
Hosts march o'er hosts, and nations nations crush,—
Wheeling in air the winged islands fall,
And one great earthy ocean covers all!—
Then ceased the storm,—Night bow'd his Ethiop brow
To earth, and listen'd to the groans below,—
Grim Horror shook, awhile the living hill
Heaved with convulsive throes,—and all was still!

THREE IMPRESSIONS OF ANTIQUE GEMS.

THE EAGLE.

So, when with bristling plumes the bird of Jove
Vindictive leaves the argent fields above,
Borne on broad wings the guilty world he awes,
And grasps the lightning in his shining claws.

THE CHILD SLEEPING.

No voice so sweet attunes his cares to rest,
So soft no pillow as his mother's breast!—
—Thus charm'd to sweet repose, when twilight hours
Shed their soft influence on celestial bowers,
The Cherub Innocence, with smile divine,
Shuts his white wings, and sleeps on Beauty's shrine.

LOVE RIDING ON THE LION.

So playful Love on Ida's flowery sides
With ribbon-rein the indignant lion guides;
Pleased on his brindled back the lyre he rings,
And shakes delirious rapture from the strings;
Slow as the pausing monarch stalks along,
Sheaths his retractile claws, and drinks the song,
Soft nymphs on timid step the triumph view,
And listening fawns with beating hoofs pursue;
With pointed ears the alarmed forest starts,
And love and music soften savage hearts.

TASTE.

If the wide eye the wavy lawns explores,
The bending woodlands, or the winding shores,
Hills, whose green sides with soft protuberance rise,
Or the blue concave of the vaulted skies;—
Or scans with nicer gaze the pearly swell
Of spiral volutes round the twisted shell;
Or undulating sweep, whose graceful turns
Bound the smooth surface of Etrurian urns,
When on fine forms the waving lines impress'd
Give the nice curves, which swell the female breast;
The countless joys the tender mother pours
Round the soft cradle of our infant hours,
In lively trains of unextinct delight
Rise in our bosoms recognised by sight;
Fond Fancy's eye recals the form divine,
And Taste sits smiling upon Beauty's shrine.

Where Egypt's pyramids gigantic stand,
And stretch their shadows o'er the shuddering sand;
Or where high rocks, o'er ocean's dashing floods,
Wave high in air their panoply of woods;

Admiring Taste delights to stray beneath
With eye uplifted, and forgets to breathe;
Or, as aloft his daring footsteps climb,
Crests their high summits with his arm sublime.

Where mouldering columns mark the lingering wreck
Of Thebes, Palmyra, Babylon, Balbec;
The prostrate obelisk, or shatter'd dome,
Uprooted pedestal, and yawning tomb,
On loitering steps reflective Taste surveys
With folded arms and sympathetic gaze;
Charm'd with poetic Melancholy treads
O'er ruin'd towns and desolated meads;
Or rides sublime on Time's expanded wings,
And views the fate of ever-changing things.

When Beauty's streaming eyes her woes express,
Or Virtue braves unmerited distress;
Love sighs in sympathy, with pain combin'd,
And new-born Pity charms the kindred mind;
The enamour'd Sorrow every cheek bedews,
And Taste impassion'd woos the tragic Muse.

The rush-thatch'd cottage on the purple moor,
Where ruddy children frolic round the door,
The moss-grown antlers of the aged oak,
The shaggy locks that fringe the colt unbroke,
The bearded goat with nimble eyes, that glare
Through the long tissue of his hoary hair,
As with quick foot he climbs some ruin'd wall
And crops the ivy, which prevents its fall;
With rural charms the tranquil mind delight,
And form a picture to th' admiring sight.
While Taste with pleasure bends his eye surpris'd
In modern days at Nature unchastis'd.

CROWE.

LEWESDON HILL.

How changed is thy appearance, beauteous Hill!
Thou hast put off thy wintry garb, brown heath
And russet fern, thy seemly-colour'd cloak,
To bide the hoary frosts and dripping rains

Of chill December, and art gaily robed
In livery of the spring: upon thy brow
A cap of flowery hawthorn, and thy neck
Mantled with new-sprung furze and spangles thick
Of golden bloom; nor lack thee tufted woods
Adown thy sides: tall oaks of lusty green,
The darker fir, light ash, and the nesh tops
Of the young hazel join, to form thy skirts
In many a wavy fold of verdant wreath:
So gorgeously hath Nature drest thee up
Against the birth of May; and, vested so,
Thou dost appear more gracefully array'd
Than fashion-mongering fops, whose gaudy shows,
Fantastical as are a sick man's dreams,
From vanity to costly vanity
Change ofter than the moon. Thy comely dress,
From sad to gay returning with the year,
Shall grace thee still till Nature's self shall change.

These are the beauties of thy woodland scene
At each return of Spring: yet some delight
Rather to view the change; and fondly gaze
On fading colours, and the thousand tints
Which Autumn lays upon the varying leaf:
I like them not, for all their boasted hues
Are kin to sickliness; mortal decay
Is drinking up their vital juice; that gone,
They turn to sear and yellow. Should I praise
Such false complexions, and for beauty take
A look consumption-bred? As soon, if grey
Were mixt in young Louisa's tresses brown,
I'd call it beautiful variety,
And therefore doat on her. Yet I can spy
A beauty in that fruitful change, when comes
The yellow Autumn, and the hopes o' the year
Bring on to golden ripeness; nor dispraise
The pure and spotless form of that sharp time,

When January spreads a pall of snow
O'er the dead face of th' undistinguish'd earth.
Then stand I in the hollow comb beneath,
And bless this friendly mount, that weather-fends
My reed-roof'd cottage, while the wintry blast
From the thick North comes howling; till the Spring
Return, who leads my devious steps abroad,
To climb, as now, to Lewesdon's airy top.

From this proud eminence on all sides round
Th' unbroken prospect opens to my view,
On all sides large; save only where the head
Of Pillesdon rises, Pillesdon's lofty Pen:
So call (still rendering to his ancient name
Observance due) that rival Height south-west,
Which, like a rampire, bounds the vale beneath.
There woods, there blooming orchards, there are seen
Herds ranging, or at rest beneath the shade
Of some wide-branching oak; there goodly fields
Of corn, and verdant pasture, whence the kine,
Returning with their milky treasure home,
Store the rich dairy; such fair plenty fills
The pleasant vale of Marshwood, pleasant now,
Since that the Spring hath deck'd anew the meads
With flowery vesture, and the warmer sun
Their foggy moistness drain'd; in wintry days
Cold, vapourish, miry, wet, and to the flocks
Unfriendly, when autumnal rains begin
To drench the spungy turf; but ere that time
The careful shepherd moves to healthier soil,
Rechasing, lest his tender ewes should coath
In the dank pasturage. Yet not the fields
Of Evesham, nor that ample valley named
Of the White Horse, its antique monument
Carved in the chalky bourne, for beauty and wealth
Might equal, though surpassing in extent,
This fertile vale, in length from Lewesdon's base

Extended to the sea, and water'd well
By many a rill; but chief with thy clear stream,
Thou nameless Rivulet, who, from the side
Of Lewesdon softly welling forth, dost trip
Adown the valley, wandering sportively.

Alas! how soon thy little course will end!
How soon thy infant stream shall lose itself
In the salt mass of waters, ere it grow
To name or greatness! Yet it flows along
Untainted with the commerce of the world,

Nor passing by the noisy haunts of men ;
But through sequester'd meads, a little space,
Winds secretly, and in its wanton path
May cheer some drooping flower, or minister
Of its cool water to the thirsty lamb :
Then falls into the ravenous sea, as pure
As when it issued from its native hill.

How is it vanish'd in a hasty spleen,
The Tor of Glastonbury ! Even but now
I saw the hoary pile cresting the top
Of that north-western hill ; and in this Now
A cloud hath pass'd on it, and its dim bulk
Becomes annihilate, or if not, a spot
Which the strain'd vision tires itself to find.
And even so fares it with the things of earth
Which seem most constant : there will come the cloud
That shall enfold them up, and leave their place
A seat for Emptiness. Our narrow ken
Reaches too far, when all that we behold
Is but the havoc of wide-wasting Time,
Or what he soon shall spoil. His outspread wings
(Which bear him like an eagle o'er the earth)
Are plumed in front so downy soft, they seem
To foster what they touch, and mortal fools
Rejoice beneath their hovering. Woe the while !
For in that indefatigable flight
The multitudinous strokes incessantly
Bruise all beneath their cope, and mark on all
His secret injury : on the front of man
Grey hairs and wrinkles ; still, as Time speeds on,
Hard and more hard his iron pennons beat
With ceaseless violence ; nor overpass,
Till all the creatures of this nether world
Are one wide quarry ; following dark behind,
The cormorant Oblivion swallows up
The carcases that Time has made his prey.

But hark! the village clock strikes nine—the chimes
Merrily follow, tuneful to the sense
Of the pleased clown attentive, while they make
False-measured melody on crazy bells.
O wondrous power of modulated sound!
Which, like the air, (whose all-obedient shape
Thou mak'st thy slave,) canst subtilly pervade
The yielded avenues of sense, unlock
The close affections, by some fairy path
Winning an easy way through every ear,
And with thine unsubstantial quality
Holding in mighty chains the hearts of all,—
All, but some cold and sullen-temper'd spirits
Who feel no touch of sympathy or love.

Yet what is music, and the blended power
Of voice with instruments of wind and string!
What but an empty pageant of sweet noise!
'T is past; and all that it has left behind
Is but an echo dwelling in the ear
Of the toy-taken fancy, and beside,
A void and countless hour in life's brief day.

Now I descend
To join the worldly crowd; perchance to talk,
To think, to act as they: then all these thoughts,
That lift th' expanded heart above this spot
To heavenly musing, these shall pass away,
(Even as this goodly prospect from my view,)
Hidden by near and earthy-rooted cares.
So passeth human life: our better mind
Is as a Sunday's garment, then put on
When we have nought to do; but at work
We wear a worse for thrift.

PERCY.

THE FRIAR OF ORDERS GRAY.

It was a friar of orders gray
Walkt forth to tell his beades;

And he met with a lady faire,
Clad in a pilgrime's weedes.

"Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar!
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou didst see?"

"And how should I know your true love
From many another one?"
"O, by his cockle hat, and staff,
And by his sandal shoone;

"But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue."

"O lady, he is dead and gone!
Lady, he's dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turfe,
And at his heels a stone.

"Within these holy cloysters long
He languisht and he dyed,
Lamenting of a ladye's love,
And, 'playning of her pride.

"Here bore him barefaced on his bier
Six proper youths and tall;
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall."

'And art thou dead, thou gentle youth,
And art thou dead and gone?
And didst thou dye for love of me?—
Break, cruel heart of stone!"

"O weep not, lady, weep not soe :
Some ghostly comfort seek :
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Ne teares bedew thy cheek."

"O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove ;
For I have lost the sweetest youth
That e'er won ladye's love.

"And nowe, alas ! for thy sad losse,
I 'll evermore weep and sigh :
For thee I only wisht to live,
For thee I wish to dye."

"Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine :
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.

"Our joys as winged dreams doe flye ;
Why, then, should sorrow last ?
Since grief but aggravates thy losse,
Grieve not for what is past."

"O say not soe, thou holy friar ;
I pray thee, say not soe :
For since my true-love dyed for mee,
'T is meet my teares should flow.

"And will he never come again ?
Will he ne'er come again ?
Ah ! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

"His cheek was redder than the rose ;
The comeliest youth was he !

But he is dead and laid in his grave :
Alas ! and woe is me ! "

" Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever :
One foot on sea and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

" Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy ;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy."

" Now say not soe, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not soe ;
My love he had the truest heart :
O he was ever true !

" And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou dye for mee ?
Then farewell home ; for evermore
A pilgrim I will bee.

" But first upon my true-love's grave
My weary limbs I 'll lay,
And thrice I 'll kiss the green grass-turf
That wraps his breathless clay."

" Yet stay, fair lady : rest awhile
Beneath this cloyster wall :
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall."

" O stay me not, thou holy friar ;
O stay me not, I pray ;
No drizzly rain that falls on me
Can wash my fault away."

"Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears;
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy owne true-love appears.

"Here, forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought;
And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

"But haply, for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay."

"Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I've found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part."

GENTLE RIVER.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Lo, thy streams are stain'd with gore,
Many a brave and noble captain
Floats along thy willow'd shore.

All beside thy limpid waters,
All beside thy sands so bright,
Moorish Chiefs and Christian Warriors
Join'd in fierce and mortal fight.

Lords, and dukes, and noble princes,
On thy fatal banks were slain:
Fatal banks, that gave to slaughter
All the pride and flower of Spain.

There the hero, brave Alonzo,
Full of wounds and glory, died:
There the fearless Urdiales
Fell a victim by his side.

Lo! where yonder Don Saavedra
Through their squadrons slow retires;
Proud Seville, his native city,
Proud Seville his worth admires.

Close behind, a renegado
Loudly shouts with taunting cry:
"Yield thee, yield thee, Don Saavedra;
Dost thou from the battle fly?

"Well I know thee, haughty Christian,
Long I liv'd beneath thy roof;
Oft I've in the lists of glory
Seen thee win the prize of proof.

"Well I know thy aged parents,
Well thy blooming bride I know;
Seven years I was thy captive,
Seven years of pain and woe.

"May our Prophet grant my wishes,
Haughty Chief, thou shalt be mine;
Thou shalt drink that cup of sorrow,
Which I drank when I was thine."

Like a lion turns the warrior,
Back he sends an angry glare:
Whizzing came the Moorish javelin,
Vainly whizzing through the air.

Back the hero, full of fury,
  Sent a deep and mortal wound:
Instant sunk the Renegado
  Mute and lifeless on the ground.

With a thousand Moors surrounded,
  Brave Saavedra stands at bay:
Wearied out, but never daunted,
  Cold at length the warrior lay.

Near him fighting, great Alonzo
  Stout resists the Paynim bands;
From his slaughter'd steed dismounted,
  Firm intrench'd behind him stands.

Furious press the hostile squadron,
  Furious he repels their rage:
Loss of blood at length enfeebles:
  Who can war with thousands wage!

Where yon rock the plain o'ershadows,
  Close beneath its foot retir'd,
Fainting, sunk the bleeding hero,
  And without a groan expir'd.

CRABBE.

A GIPSY ENCAMPMENT.

Again, the country was enclosed, a wide
And sandy road has banks on either side;
Where, lo! a hollow on the left appear'd,
And there a Gipsy tribe their tent had rear'd;

'T was open spread, to catch the morning sun,
And they had now their early meal begun,
When two brown boys just left their grassy seat,
The early Trav'ller with their prayers to greet:
While yet Orlando held his pence in hand,
He saw their sister on her duty stand;
Some twelve years old, demure, affected, sly,
Prepared the force of early powers to try;
Sudden a look of languor he descries,
And well-feign'd apprehension in her eyes;
Train'd, but yet savage, in her speaking face
He mark'd the features of her vagrant race;
When a light laugh and roguish leer express'd
The vice implanted in her youthful breast:
Forth from the tent her elder brother came,
Who seem'd offended, yet forbore to blame
The young designer, but could only trace
The looks of pity in the Trav'ller's face:
Within, the Father, who from fences nigh
Had brought the fuel for the fire's supply,
Watch'd now the feeble blaze, and stood dejected by.
On ragged rug, just borrow'd from the bed,
And by the hand of coarse indulgence fed,
In dirty patchwork negligently dress'd,
Reclin'd the Wife, an infant at her breast;
In her wild face some touch of grace remain'd,
Of vigour palsied and of beauty stain'd;
Her blodshot eyes on her unheeding mate
Were wrathful turn'd, and seem'd her wants to state,
Cursing his tardy aid—her Mother there
With gipsy-state engross'd the only chair;
Solemn and dull her look: with such she stands
And reads the milk-maid's fortune in her hands,
Tracing the lines of life; assum'd through years,
Each feature now the steady falsehood wears;
With hard and savage eye she views the food,
And grudging pinches their intruding brood.

Last in the group, the worn-out Grandsire sits,
Neglected, lost, and living but by fits:
Useless, despis'd, his worthless labours done,
And half protected by the vicious Son,
Who half supports him; he with heavy glance
Views the young ruffians who around him dance;
And, by the sadness in his face, appears
To trace the progress of their future years:
Through what strange course of misery, vice, deceit,
Must wildly wander each unpractis'd cheat!
What shame and grief, what punishment and pain,
Sport of fierce passions, must each child sustain—
Ere they like him approach their latter end,
Without a hope, a comfort, or a friend!

MARINE VIEWS.

Be it the Summer-noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;
(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends)—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the rigid sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.

Ships in the calm seem anchor'd; for they glide
On the still sea, urg'd solely by the tide:
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach it can discern no more?
  Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.
  View now the Winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud:
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before,
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.
  All where the eye delights, yet dreads, to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam,
Upon the billows rising—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking, and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.
  Far off the Petrel in the troubled way
Swims with her brood, or flutters in the spray;
She rises often, often drops again,
And sports at ease on the tempestuous main.
  High o'er the restless deep, above the reach
Of gunner's hope, vast flocks of Wild-ducks stretch;
Far as the eye can glance on either side,
In a broad space and level line they glide;

All in their wedge-like figures from the north,
Day after day, flight after flight, go forth.
  In-shore their passage tribes of sea-gulls urge,
And drop for prey within the sweeping surge;
Oft in the rough opposing blast they fly
Far back, then turn, and all their force apply,
While to the storm they give their weak complaining cry;

Or clap the sleek white pinion to the breast,
And in the restless ocean dip for rest.
  Darkness begins to reign; the louder wind
Appals the weak, and awes the firmer mind;
But frights not him whom evening and the spray
In part conceal—yon Prowler on his way:
Lo! he has something seen; he runs apace,
As if he fear'd companion in the chase;
He sees his prize, and now he turns again,
Slowly and sorrowing—"Was your search in vain?"
Gruffly he answers, "'Tis a sorry sight!—
A seaman's body: there 'll be more to-night!"
Hark to those sounds! they're from distress at sea·
How quick they come! What terrors may there be!
Yes, 't is a driven vessel: I discern
Lights, signs of terror, gleaming from the stern.
Others behold them too, and from the town
In various parties seamen hurry down;
Their wives pursue, and damsels, urged by dread,
Lest men so dear be into danger led;
Their head the gown has hooded, and their call
In this sad night is piercing like the squall;
They feel their kinds of power, and when they meet,
Chide, fondle, weep, dare, threaten, or entreat.
  See one poor girl, all terror and alarm,
Has fondly seiz'd upon her lover's arm;
"Thou shalt not venture;" and he answers "No!
I will not:"—still she cries, "Thou shalt not go."
  No need of this; not here the stoutest boat
Can through such breakers, o'er such billows float;
Yet may they view these lights upon the beach,
Which yield them hope whom help can never reach.
  From parted clouds the moon her radiance throws
On the wild waves, and all the danger shows;
But shows them beaming in her shining vest,
Terrific splendour! gloom in glory dress'd!

This for a moment, and then clouds again
Hide every beam, and fear and darkness reign.
  But hear we not those sounds? Do lights appear?
I see them not! the storm alone I hear:
And lo! the sailors homeward take their way;
Man must endure—let us submit and pray.

A GOOD VILLAGER.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene :
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd ;

Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face :
Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest had the fondest mind ;
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd Reflection's sigh ;
A friend to Virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;
(Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour, which their neighbours find !)
Yet far was he from stoic pride remov'd ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd :
I mark'd his action, when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears, stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his, 't was not their vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning—though my clerk agreed,
If fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew
None his superior, and his equals few :—
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train'd ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast,
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;
Pride in a life that Slander's tongue defied,
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd Pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim ;
Christian and countrymen were all with him :
True to his church he came ; no Sunday shower

Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct:—
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind, and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labour done;
When he, save honest fame, retain'd no more,
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor:
'T was then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:—

"Kind are your laws ('t is not to be denied),
That in yon House, for ruin'd age provide,
And they are just;—when young we give you all,
And for assistance in our weakness call.—
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish bread?
But yet I linger, loth with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took,
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him, who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heav'n! and let me not complain
Of what I suffer, but my fate sustain."

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;
Daily he plac'd the Workhouse in his view!
But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
He dropp'd, expiring, at his cottage gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there:

I see no more those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honour'd head;
No more that awful glance on playful wight,
Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
To fold his fingers, all in dread the while,
Till Mister Ashford soften'd to a smile;
No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:—
But he is blest, and I lament no more
A wise good man contented to be poor.

THE PARTING LOOK.

One day he lighter seem'd, and they forgot
The care, the dread, the anguish of their lot;
They spoke with cheerfulness, and seem'd to think,
Yet said not so, "Perhaps he will not sink:"
A sudden brightness in his look appear'd,
A sudden vigour in his voice was heard;—
She had been reading in the Book of Prayer,
And led him forth, and placed him in his chair;
Lively he seem'd, and spoke of all he knew,
The friendly many, and the favourite few:
Not one that day did he to mind recal
But she has treasur'd, and she loves them all;
When in her way she meets them, they appear
Peculiar people,—death has made them dear.
He named his Friend, but then his hand she press'd,
And fondly whisper'd, "Thou must go to rest."
"I go," he said; but as he spoke, she found
His hand more cold, and fluttering was the sound!
Then gazed affrighten'd; but she caught a last,
A dying look of love,—and all was past!

MARY TIGHE.

PSYCHE GAZING UPON THE LOVE-GOD.

Allow'd to settle on celestial eyes,
Soft Sleep, exulting, now exerts his sway,
From Psyche's anxious pillow gladly flies
To veil those orbs, whose pure and lambent ray
The Powers of heaven submissively obey.
Trembling and breathless then she softly rose,
And seized the lamp, where it obscurely lay,
With hand too rashly daring to disclose
The sacred veil which hung mysterious o'er her woes.

Twice, as with agitated step she went,
The lamp, expiring, shone with doubtful gleam,
As though it warn'd her from her rash intent;
And twice she paus'd, and on its trembling beam
Gazed with suspended breath, while voices seem
With murmuring sound along the roof to sigh;
As one just waking from a troublous dream,
With palpitating heart and straining eye,
Still fix'd with fear remains, still thinks the danger nigh.

Oh, daring Muse! wilt thou indeed essay
To paint the wonders which that lamp could show?
And canst thou hope in living words to say
The dazzling glories of that heavenly view?
Ah! well I ween that, if with pencil true

That splendid vision could be well exprest,
The fearful awe imprudent Psyche knew,
Would seize with rapture every wondering breast,
When Love's all-potent charms divinely stood confest.

All imperceptible to human touch,
His wings display celestial essence light;
The clear effulgence of the blaze is such,
The brilliant plumage shines so heavenly bright,
That mortal eyes turn dazzled from the sight;
A youth he seems in manhood's freshest years.
Round his fair neck, as clinging with delight,
Each golden curl resplendently appears,
Or shades his darker brow, which grace majestic wears;

Or o'er his guileless front his ringlets bright
Their rays of sunny lustre seem to throw,
That front than polish'd ivory more white!
His blooming cheeks with deeper blushes glow
Than roses scatter'd o'er a bed of snow:
While on his lips, distill'd in balmy dews,
(Those lips divine that even in silence know
The heart to touch,) persuasion to infuse,
Still hangs a rosy charm that never vainly sues.

The friendly curtain of indulgent sleep
Disclos'd not yet his eyes' resistless sway,
But from their silky veil there seem'd to peep
Some brilliant glances with a soften'd ray,
Which o'er his features exquisitely play,
And all his polish'd limbs suffuse with light;
Thus through some narrow space the azure day,
Sudden its cheerful rays diffusing bright,
Wide darts its lucid beams, to gild the brow of night.

His fatal arrows and celestial bow
Beside the couch were negligently thrown,

Nor needs the god, his dazzling arms, to show
His glorious birth, such beauty round him shone
As sure could spring from Beauty's self alone;
The gloom which glow'd o'er all of soft desire,
Could well proclaim him Beauty's cherish'd son;
And Beauty's self will oft these charms admire,
And steal his witching smile, his glance's living fire.

Speechless with awe, in transport strangely lost,
Long Psyche stood with fix'd adoring eye;
Her limbs immovable, her senses tost
Between amazement, fear, and ecstasy,
She hangs enamour'd o'er the deity—
Till from her trembling hand extinguish'd falls
The fatal lamp.—He starts—and suddenly
Tremendous thunders echo through the halls,
While ruin's hideous crash bursts o'er the affrighted walls.

Dread Horror seizes on her sinking heart,
A mortal chillness shudders at her breast;
Her soul shrinks fainting from Death's icy dart,
The groan scarce utter'd dies but half-exprest,
And down she sinks in deadly swoon opprest;
But when, at length, awakening from her trance,
The terrors of her fate stand all confest,
In vain she casts around her timid glance,
The rudely frowning scenes her former joys enhance.

No traces of those joys, alas! remain;
A desert solitude alone appears.
No verdant shade relieves the sandy plain,
The wide-spread waste no gentle fountain cheers,
One barren face the dreary prospect wears;
Nought through the vast horizon meets her eye
To calm the dismal tumult of her fears,
No trace of human habitation nigh,
A sandy wild beneath, above a threatening sky.

ANN RADCLIFFE.

TO MELANCHOLY.

Spirit of love and sorrow,—hail!
Thy solemn voice from far I hear,
Mingling with Evening's dying gale,
Hail, with this sadly-pleasing tear!

Oh, at this still, this lonely hour,
Thine own sweet hour of closing day,
Awake thy lute, whose charmful power
Shall call up Fancy to obey;

To paint the wild romantic dream,
That meets the poet's musing eye,
As on the bank of shadowy stream
He breathes to her the fervid sigh.

O lonely spirit! let thy song
Lead me through all thy sacred haunt;
The minster's moonlit aisles along,
Where spectres raise the midnight chaunt.

I hear their dirges faintly swell!
Then sink at once in silence drear.
While, from the pillar'd cloister's cell,
Dimly their gliding forms appear!

Lead where the pine-woods wave on high,
Whose pathless sod is darkly seen,
As the cold moon, with trembling eye,
Darts her long beams the leaves between.

Lead to the mountain's dusky head,
Where, far below, in shades profound,
Wide forests, plains, and hamlets spread,
And sad the chimes of vesper sound.

Or guide me where the dashing oar
Just breaks the stillness of the vale:
As slow it tracks the winding shore,
To meet the ocean's distant sail:

To pebbly banks that Neptune laves,
With measur'd surges, loud and deep;
Where the dark cliff bends o'er the waves,
And wild the winds of Autumn sweep.

There pause at midnight's spectred hour,
And list the long-resounding gale;
And catch the fleeting moonlight's power
O'er foaming seas and distant sail.

SONG OF A SPIRIT.

In the sightless air I dwell,
On the sloping sunbeams play;
Delve the cavern's inmost cell,
Where never yet did daylight stray.

I dive beneath the green sea waves,
And gambol in the briny deeps;
Skim every shore that Neptune laves,
From Lapland's plains to India's steeps.

Oft I mount with rapid force,
Above the wide earth's shadowy zone,
Follow the day-star's flaming course,
Through realms of space to thought unknown;

And listen to celestial sounds
That swell in air, unheard of men,
As I watch my nightly rounds
O'er woody steep and silent glen.

Under the shade of waving trees,
On the green bank of fountain clear,
At pensive eve I sit at ease,
While dying music murmurs near.

And oft, on point of airy cliff
That hangs upon the western main,
I watch the gay tints passing swift,
And twilight veil the liquid plain.

Then, when the breeze has sunk away,
And Ocean scarce is heard to lave,
For me the sea-nymphs softly play
Their dulcet shells beneath the wave.

Their dulcet shells!—I hear them now;
Slow swells the strain upon mine ear;
Now faintly falls—now warbles low,
Till rapture melts into a tear.

The ray that silvers o'er the dew,
And trembles through the leafy shade,
And tints the scene with softer hue,
Calls me to rove the lonely glade;

Or hie me to some ruin'd tower,
Faintly shown by moonlight gleam,
Where the lone wanderer owns my power,
In shadows dire that substance seem;

In thrilling sounds that murmur woe,
And pausing silence make more dread;
In music breathing from below
Sad, solemn strains, that wake the dead.

Unseen I move—unknown am fear'd;—
Fancy's wildest dreams I weave;
And oft by bards my voice is heard
To die along the gales of eve.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

A SUMMER EVENING'S MEDITATION.

"One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine."—YOUNG.

'Tis past,—the sultry tyrant of the South
Has spent his short-liv'd rage; more grateful hours

Move silent on; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but, with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd lustre, court the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
DIAN'S bright crescent, like a silver bow,
New strung in heaven, lifts its beamy horns
Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair VENUS shines
Even in the eye of day; with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance with her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meeken'd Eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Through the Hesperian gardens of the West.
And shuts the gates of Day. 'Tis now the hour
When Contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heaven
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of ether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling fires,
And dancing lustres, where th' unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories; spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: He, whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile
Inscribed the mystic tablet; hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man!
The finger of thy GOD. From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd—these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home?

How soft they slide along their lucid spheres,
And, silent as the foot of Time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses. Nature's self is hush'd,
And, but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles through
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air; though the rais'd ear,
Intensely listening, drinks in every breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in every star that talks with man,
And woos him to be wise? nor woos in vain:
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And Wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo GOD; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day!)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey through the East.
  Ye citadels of light, and seats of GODS!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul,
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep-laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doting tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours—O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines! Seized in thought,
On Fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled earth,
And the pale moon, her duteous, fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb

Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
Dances in ether like the lightest leaf;
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn 'midst his wat'ry moons
Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
Sits like an exiled monarch: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear
Of elder beam, which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day;
Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
And only less than HIM who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is there aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward through the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature, far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night,
To solitudes of waste unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide and wild;
Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
Sleep in the womb of Chaos? Fancy droops,
And Thought, astonish'd, stops her bold career.
But oh, thou mighty Mind! whose powerful word
Said, Thus let all things be, and thus they were,
Where shall I seek thy presence? how unblam'd
Invoke thy dread perfection?
Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee?
Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
Support thy throne? Oh, look with pity down
On erring, guilty man; not in thy names
Of terror clad; not with those thunders arm'd
That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appall'd
The scatter'd tribes; thou hast a gentler voice,
That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker!

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her powers
In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
And seeks again the known accustom'd spot,
Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and streams,
A mansion fair and spacious for its guests,
And all replete with wonders. Let me here,
Content and grateful, wait th' appointed time,
And ripen for the skies; the hour will come
When all these splendours bursting on my sight
Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

A PETITION.

If the soft hand of winning Pleasure leads
By living waters, and through flowery meads,
Where all is smiling, tranquil, and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flattering scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart,—Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart rejoice.
If friendless in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briers wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And, with strong confidence, lay hold on Thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

HANNAH MORE.

FLORIO AND HIS FRIEND.

TWO PORTRAITS.

FLORIO, a youth of gay renown,
Who figur'd much about the town,
Had pass'd, with general approbation,
The modish forms of education ;

Knew what was proper to be known.
Th' establish'd jargon of Bon-ton;
Had learnt, with very moderate reading,
The whole new system of good breeding:
He studied to be cold and rude,
Though native feeling would intrude:
Unlucky sense and sympathy
Spoilt the vain thing he strove to be.
For FLORIO was not meant by nature,
A silly or a worthless creature:
He had a heart dispos'd to feel,
Had life and spirit, taste and zeal;
Was handsome, generous; but, by fate,
Predestin'd to a large estate!
Hence, all that grac'd his op'ning days
Was marr'd by pleasure, spoil'd by praise.
The Destiny, who wove the thread
Of FLORIO's being, sigh'd, and said,
"Poor youth! this cumbrous twist of gold,
More than my shuttle well can hold,
For which thy anxious fathers toil'd,
Thy white and even thread has spoil'd:
'T is this shall warp thy pliant youth
From sense, simplicity, and truth;
Thy erring fire, by wealth misled,
Shall scatter pleasures round thy head,
When wholesome discipline's control
Should brace the sinews of thy soul;
Coldly thou 'lt toil for learning's prize,
For why should he that's rich be wise?"
The gracious Master of mankind,
Who knew us vain, corrupt, and blind,
In mercy, though in anger, said,
That man should earn his daily bread;
His lot inaction renders worse,
While labour mitigates the curse;
The idle life's worst burdens bear,

And meet, what toil escapes, despair!
Forgive, nor lay the fault on me,
This mixture of mythology;
The Muse of Paradise has deign'd
With truth to mingle fables feign'd;
And though the Bard that would attain
The glories, MILTON, of thy strain,
Will never reach thy style or thoughts,
He may be like thee—in thy faults!

Exhausted FLORIO, at the age
When youth should rush on glory's stage,
When life should open fresh and new,
And ardent Hope her schemes pursue;
Of youthful gaiety bereft,
Had scarce an unbroach'd pleasure left;
He found already to his cost,
The shining gloss of life was lost;
And Pleasure was so coy a prude,
She fled the more, the more pursued;
Or if o'ertaken and caress'd,
He loath'd and left her when possess'd.
But FLORIO knew the WORLD; that science
Sets sense and learning at defiance;
He thought the World to him was known,
Whereas he only knew the Town;
In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—Mankind.

Though high renown the youth had gain'd,
No flagrant crimes his life had stain'd,
No tool of falsehood, slave of passion,
But spoilt by CUSTOM, and the FASHION.
Though known among *a certain set*,
He did not like to be in debt;
He shudder'd at the dicer's box,
Nor thought it very heterodox
That tradesmen should be sometimes paid,
And bargains kept as well as made.

His growing credit, as a sinner,
Was that he lik'd to spoil a dinner;
Made pleasure and made business wait;
And still, by system, came too late;
Yet 't was a hopeful indication
On which to found a reputation:
Small habits, well pursued, betimes
May reach the dignity of crimes;
And who a juster claim preferr'd
Than one who always broke his word?
His mornings were not spent in vice,
'T was lounging, sauntering, eating ice;
Walk up and down St. James's Street,
Full fifty times the youth you'd meet:
He hated cards, detested drinking,
But stroll'd to shun the toil of thinking;
'T was *doing nothing* was his curse,—
Is there a vice can plague us worse?
The wretch who digs the mine for bread,
Or ploughs, that others may be fed,
Feels less fatigue than that decreed
To him who cannot think, or read.
Not all the peril of temptations,
Not all the conflict of the passions,
Can quench the spark of Glory's flame,
Or quite extinguish Virtue's name,
Like the true taste for genuine saunter,
Like Sloth, the soul's most dire enchanter.
The active fires that stir the breast
Her poppies charm to fatal rest;
They rule in short and quick succession,
But SLOTH keeps one long, fast possession:
Ambition's reign is quickly clos'd,
Th' usurper Rage is soon depos'd;
Intemperance, where there's no temptation,
Makes voluntary abdication;
Of other tyrants short the strife,

But INDOLENCE is king for life:
The despot twists, with soft control,
Eternal fetters round the soul.
Yet though so polish'd FLORIO's breeding,
Think him not ignorant of reading:
For he, to keep him from the vapours,
Subscrib'd at HOOKHAM'S, saw the papers;
Was deep in poet's-corner wit;
Knew what was in italics writ;
Explain'd fictitious names at will;
Each gutted syllable could fill.
There oft, in paragraphs, his name
Gave symptom sweet of growing fame;
Though yet they only serv'd to hint
That FLORIO lov'd to see in print
His ample buckles' alter'd shape,
His buttons chang'd, his varying cape;
And many a standard phrase was his
Might rival *bore*, or banish *quiz*.
The man who grasps this young renown,
And early starts for Fashion's crown,
In time that glorious prize may wield,
Which clubs and ev'n Newmarket yield.
He studied while he dress'd, for, true 't is,
He read *Compendiums*, *Extracts*, *Beauties*,
Abrégés, *Dictionnaires*, *Recueils*,
Mercures, *Journaux*, *Extraits*, and *Feuilles*:
No work in substance now is follow'd,
The chemic extract only 's swallow'd.
He lik'd those literary cooks
Who skim the cream of others' books;
And ruin half an author's graces
By plucking *bon mots* from their places.
He wonders any writing sells
But these spic'd mushrooms and morells.
His palate works alone can touch
Where every mouthful is *bonne bouche*.

Some phrase that with the public took
Was all he read of any book ;
For plan, detail, arrangement, system,
He let *them* go, and never miss'd 'em.
Of each new Play he saw a part,
And all the *anas* had by heart :
He found whatever they produce
Is fit for conversation-use ;
Learning so ready for display,
A page would prime him for a day :
They cram not with a mass of knowledge,
Which smacks of toil, and smells of college,
Which in the memory useless lies,
Or only makes men—good and wise.
This might have merit once, indeed,
But now for other ends we read.
A friend he had, Bellario hight,
A reasoning, reading, learned wight ;
At least, with men of Florio's breeding,
He was a prodigy of reading.
He knew each stale and vapid lie
In tomes of French philosophy ;
And these, we fairly may presume,
From Pyrrho down to David Hume,
'T were difficult to single out
A man more full of shallow doubt :
He knew the little sceptic prattle,
The sophist's paltry arts of battle ;
Talk'd gravely of th' Atomic dance,
Of moral fitness, fate, and chance ;
Admir'd the system of Lucretius,
Whose matchless verse makes nonsense specious !
To this his doctrine owes its merits,
Like pois'nous reptiles kept in spirits ;
Though sceptics dull his scheme rehearse,
Who have not souls to taste his verse.
Bellario founds his reputation

On dry, stale jokes about Creation;
Would prove, by argument circuitous,
The combination was fortuitous.
Swore priests' whole trade was to deceive,
And prey on bigots who believe;
With bitter ridicule could jeer,
And had the true free-thinking sneer.
Grave arguments he had in store,
Which had been answer'd o'er and o'er;
And us'd, with wondrous penetration,
The trite, old trick of false citation;
From ancient authors fond to quote
A phrase, or thought, they never wrote.
Upon his highest shelf there stood
The Classics, neatly cut in wood;
And in a more commodious station,
You found them in a French translation:
He swears, 'tis from the Greek he quotes,
But keeps the French—just for the notes.
He worshipp'd certain modern names
Who history write in epigrams,
In pointed periods, shining phrases,
And all the small poetic daisies
Which crowd the pert and florid style,
Where fact is dropt to raise a smile;
Where notes indecent or profane
Serve to *raise* doubts, but not *explain*:
Where all is spangle, glitter, show,
And truth is overlaid below:
Arts scorn'd by History's sober Muse,
Arts CLARENDON disdain'd to use.
  Whate'er the subject of debate,
'T was larded still with sceptic prate;
Begin whatever theme you will,
In unbelief he lands you still:
The good, with shame I speak it, feel
Not half this proselyting zeal:

While cold their Master's cause to own,
Content to go to heav'n alone,
The infidel, in liberal trim,
Would carry all the world with him;
Would trust his wife, friend, kindred, nation,
Mankind—with what? Annihilation.
Though Florio did not quite believe him,
He thought, why should a friend deceive him?
Much as he prized Bellario's wit,
He lik'd not all his notions yet;
He thought him charming, pleasant, odd,
But hop'd one might believe in God;
Yet such the charms that grac'd his tongue,
He knew not how to think him wrong.
Though Florio tried a thousand ways,
Truth's insuppressive torch would blaze:
Where once her flame has burnt, I doubt
If ever it go fairly out.
Yet, under great Bellario's care,
He gain'd each day a better air;
With many a leader of renown,
Deep in the learning of the Town,
Who never other science knew,
But what from that prime source they drew;
Pleas'd, to the Opera they repair
To get recruits of knowledge there;
Mythology gain at a glance,
And learn the Classics from a dance:
In Ovid they ne'er car'd a groat
How far'd the vent'rous Argonaut;
Yet charm'd they see Medea rise
On fiery dragons to the skies.
For Dido, though they never knew her
As Maro's magic pencil drew her,
Faithful and fond, and broken-hearted,
Her pious Vagabond departed,
Yet, for Didone how they roar!

And Cara! Cara! loud encore.
One taste Bellario's soul possess'd,
The master-passion of his breast;
It was not one of those frail joys,
Which, by possession, quickly cloys;
This bliss was solid, constant, true,
'T was action, and 't was passion too;
For though the business might be finish'd,

The pleasure scarcely was diminish'd;
Did he ride out, or sit, or walk,
He liv'd it o'er again in talk;
Prolong'd the fugitive delight,
In words by day, in dreams by night.
'T was *eating* did his soul allure,
A deep, keen, modish Epicure;
Though once this name, as I opine,
Meant not such men as live to dine;
Yet all our modern Wits assure us,
That's all *they* know of Epicurus:
They fondly fancy, that repletion
Was the *chief good* of that fam'd Grecian.
To live in gardens full of flowers,
And talk philosophy in bowers,
Or, in the covert of a wood,
To descant on the *sovereign good*,
Might be the notion of their founder,
But they have notions vastly sounder:
Their bolder standards they erect,
To form a more substantial sect;
Old Epicurus would not own 'em,
A *Dinner* is *their summum bonum;*
More like you'll find such sparks as these
To Epicurus' deities;
Like them, they mix not with affairs,
But loll and laugh at human cares.
To beaux this difference is allow'd,
They choose a sofa for a cloud.
Bellario had embrac'd with glee
This practical philosophy.

BOWLES.

RETURN TO OXFORD.

CHERWELL.

Cherwell! how pleased along thy willow'd edge
Erewhile I stray'd; or when the morn began
To tinge aloft the turret's golden fan,
Or Evening glimmer'd o'er the sighing sedge,
And now, reclin'd upon thy banks once more,
I bid the pipe farewell, and that sad lay
Whose music on my melancholy way
I woo'd, beneath thy willows waving hoar,
Seeking to rest—till the returning sun
Of joy beam out, as when Heaven's humid bow
Shines silent on the passing storm below;
Whate'er betide, yet something have I won
Of solace, that may bear me on serene,
Till Eve's dim hand shall close the sinking scene.

ON THE RHINE.

'T was morn, and beautiful the mountains' brow—
Hung with the clusters of the bending vine—
Shone in the early light, when on the Rhine
We sail'd, and heard the waters round the prow
In murmurs parting; varying as we go,
Rocks after rocks come forward and retire,
As some grey convent-wall, or sunlit spire
Starts up, along the banks, unfolding slow.

Here castles, like the prisons of despair,
Frown as we pass!—There, on the vineyard's side,
The bursting sunshine pours its streaming tide;
While Grief, forgetful amid scenes so fair,
Counts not the hours of a long summer's day,
Nor heeds how fast the prospect winds away.

THE CELL OF THE MISSIONARY.

Fronting the ocean, but beyond the ken
Of public view, and sounds of murm'ring men,—
Of unhewn roots compos'd, and gnarlèd wood,
A small and rustic Oratory stood :
Upon its roof of reeds appear'd a cross,
The porch within was lin'd with mantling moss ;
A crucifix and hour-glass, on each side—
One to admonish seem'd, and *One* to guide ;
This, to impress how soon life's race is o'er ;
And that, to lift our hopes where time shall be no more.
O'er the rude porch, with wild and gadding stray,
The clust'ring copu weav'd its trellis gay :
Two mossy pines, high bending, interwove
Their aged and fantastic arms above.
In front, amid the gay surrounding flowers,
A dial counted the departing hours,
On which the sweetest light of summer shone,—
A rude and brief inscription mark'd the stone :—

" To count, with passing shade, the hours,
I plac'd the dial 'mid the flowers,
That, one by one, came forth, and died,
Blooming, and with'ring, round its side.
Mortal, let the sight impart
Its pensive moral to thy heart ! "

Just heard to trickle through a covert near,
And soothing, with perpetual lapse, the ear,
A fount, like rain-drops, filter'd through the stone,—
And, bright as amber, on the shallows shone.
Intent his fairy pastime to pursue,
And, gem-like, hovering o'er the violets blue,

The humming-bird, here, its unceasing song
Heedlessly murmur'd all the summer long,
And when the winter came, retir'd to rest,
And from the myrtles hung its trembling nest.
No sounds of a conflicting world were near;
The noise of ocean faintly met the ear,
That seem'd, as sunk to rest the noon-tide blast,
But dying sounds of passions that were past;
Or closing anthems, when, far off, expire
The lessening echoes of the distant choir.
Here, every human sorrow hush'd to rest,
His pale hands meekly cross'd upon his breast,
Anselmo sat: the sun, with west'ring ray,
Just touch'd his temples, and his locks of grey.
There was no worldly feeling in his eye;—
The world to him "was as a thing gone by."
Now, all his features lit, he rais'd his look,
Then bent it thoughtful, and unclasp'd the book;
And whilst the hour-glass shed its silent sand,
A tame opossum lick'd his wither'd hand.
That sweetest light of slow-declining day,
Which through the trellis pour'd its slanting ray,
Resting a moment on his few grey hairs,
Seem'd light from heaven sent down to bless his pray'rs.
When the trump echo'd to the quiet spot,
He thought upon the world, but mourn'd it not;
Enough if his meek wisdom could control,
And bend to mercy, one proud soldier's soul;
Enough, if while these distant scenes he trod,
He led one erring Indian to his God.

THE HOME OF THE OLD INDIAN.

Beneath aërial cliffs, and glittering snows,
The rush-roof of an aged warrior rose,
Chief of the mountain tribes: high, overhead,
The Andes, wild and desolate, were spread,
Where cold Sierras shot their icy spires,
And Chillan trail'd its smoke, and smould'ring fires.
A glen beneath—a lonely spot of rest—
Hung, scarce discover'd, like an eagle's nest.
Summer was in its prime;—the parrot-flocks
Darken'd the passing sunshine on the rocks;
The chrysomel and purple butterfly,
Amid the clear blue light, are wand'ring by;
The humming-bird, along the myrtle bow'rs,
With twinkling wing, is spinning o'er the flow'rs,
The woodpecker is heard with busy bill,
The mock-bird sings—and all beside is still.
And look! the cataract, that bursts so high
As not to mar the deep tranquillity,
The tumult of its dashing fall suspends,
And, stealing drop by drop, in mist descends;
Through whose illumin'd spray and sprinkling dews,
Shine to the adverse sun the broken rainbow hues.
Check'ring, with partial shade, the beams of noon,
And arching the grey rock with wild festoon,
Here, its gay net-work, and fantastic twine,
The purple cogul threads from pine to pine,
And oft, as the fresh airs of morning breathe,
Dips its long tendrils in the stream beneath.
There, through the trunks, with moss and lichens white,
The sunshine darts its interrupted light,

And, 'mid the cedars' darksome boughs, illumes,
With instant touch, the lori's scarlet plumes.
So smiles the scene ;—but can its smiles impart
Aught to console yon mourning warrior's heart ?
He heeds not now, when, beautifully bright,
The humming-bird is circling in his sight ;
Nor e'en, above his head, when air is still,
Hears the green woodpecker's resounding bill ;
But, gazing on the rocks and mountains wild,
Rock after rock, in glittering masses, pil'd
To the volcano's cone, that shoots so high
Grey smoke, whose column stains the cloudless sky,
He cries, "Oh ! if thy spirit yet be fled
To the pale kingdoms of the shadowy dead,—
In yonder track of purest light above,
Dear, long-lost object of a father's love,
Dost thou abide ? or, like a shadow come,
Circling the scenes of thy remember'd home,
And passing with the breeze ? or, in the beam
Of evening, light the desert mountain-stream ?
Or at deep midnight are thine accents heard,
In the sad notes of that melodious bird,
Which, as we listen with mysterious dread,
Brings tidings from our friends and fathers dead ?
Perhaps, beyond those summits, far away,
Thine eyes yet view the living light of day ;
Sad, in the stranger's land, thou mayst sustain
A weary life of servitude and pain,
With wasted eye gaze on the orient beam,
And think of these white rocks and torrent-stream,
Never to hear the summer cocoa wave,
Or weep upon thy father's distant grave."

Ye, who have wak'd, and listen'd with a tear,
When cries confus'd, and clangours roll'd more near ;
With murmur'd prayer, when Mercy stood aghast,

As War's black trump peal'd its terrific blast,
And o'er the wither'd earth the armèd giant pass'd.
Ye, who his track with terror have pursued,
When some delightful land, all blood-imbued,
He swept; where silent is the champaign wide,
That echo'd to the pipe of yester-tide,
Save, when far off, the moonlit hills prolong
The last deep echoes of his parting gong;
Nor aught is seen, in the deserted spot,
Where trail'd the smoke of many a peaceful cot,
Save livid corses that unburied lie,
And conflagrations, reeking to the sky;
Come listen, whilst the causes I relate
That bow'd the warrior to the storms of fate,
And left these smiling scenes forlorn and desolate.

In other days, when, in his manly pride,
Two children for a father's fondness vied,—
Oft they essay'd, in mimic strife, to wield
His lance, or laughing peep'd behind his shield.
Oft in the sun, or the magnolia's shade,
Lightsome of heart, as gay of look, they play'd,
Brother and sister: She, along the dew,
Blithe as the squirrel of the forest, flew;
Blue rushes wreath'd her head; her dark brown hair
Fell, gently lifted, on her bosom bare;
Her necklace shone, of sparkling insects made,
That flit, like specks of fire, from sun to shade.
Light was her form; a clasp of silver braced
The azure-dyed ichella round her waist;
Her ancles rung with shells, as, unconfin'd,
She danc'd, and sung wild carols to the wind.
With snow-white teeth, and laughter in her eye,—
So, beautiful in youth, she bounded by.

Yet kindness sat upon her aspect bland,—
The tame alpaca stood and lick'd her hand;
She brought him gather'd moss, and lov'd to deck
With flow'ry twine his tall and stately neck,

Whilst he with silent gratitude replies,
And bends to her caress his large blue eyes.
These children danc'd together in the shade,
Or stretch'd their hands to see the rainbow fade;

Or sat and mock'd, with imitative glee,
The paroquet, that laugh'd from tree to tree;
Or through the forest's wildest solitude,
From glen to glen the marmozet pursued;
And thought the light of parting day too short,
That call'd them, ling'ring, from their daily sport.
  In that fair season of awak'ning life,
When dawning youth and childhood are at strife;
When on the verge of thought gay boyhood stands
Tip-toe, with glist'ning eye and outspread hands;
With airy look, and form and footsteps light,
And glossy locks, and features berry-bright,
And eye like the young eaglet's to the ray
Of noon, unblenching, as he sails away;
A brede of sea-shells on his bosom strung,
A small stone hatchet o'er his shoulders slung,
With slender lance, and feathers blue and red,
That, like the heron's crest, wav'd on his head,—
Buoyant with hope, and airiness, and joy,
Lautaro was the loveliest Indian boy:
Taught by his sire, ev'n now he drew the bow,
Or track'd the jaguar on the morning snow;
Startled the condor on the craggy height;
Then silent sat, and mark'd its upward flight,
Lessening in ether to a speck of white.
  But when th' impassion'd Chieftain spoke of war,
Smote his broad breast, or pointed to a scar,—
Spoke of the strangers of the distant main,
And the proud banners of insulting Spain,
Of the barb'd horse and iron horseman spoke,
And his red gods, that, wrapp'd in rolling smoke,
Roar'd from the guns,—the Boy, with still-drawn breath,
Hung on the wondrous tale, as mute as death;
Then rais'd his animated eyes, and cried,
"O! LET ME PERISH BY MY FATHER'S SIDE!"

LANDING AT TYNEMOUTH.

As slow I climb the cliff's ascending side,
    Much musing on the track of terror past,
    When o'er the dark wave rode the howling blast—
Pleas'd I look back, and view the tranquil tide
That laves the pebbled shore: and now the beam
    Of evening smiles on the grey battlement
    Of yon forsaken tower that TIME has rent;
The lifted oar far off with transient gleam
Is touch'd, and hush'd is all the billowy deep,

O'er-spent; oh! when on wakeful Memory's breast
Shall stillness steal like this, and kindred rest?
Then some sweet harmonies might soothe her sleep,
Harmonies, on the wandering minstrel's lyre,
Like airs of parting day, that, as they breathe, expire.

THE BURIAL PLACE.

The Indian, sad and still,
Pac'd on from wood to vale, from vale to hill;
Her infant, tir'd, and hush'd awhile to rest,
Smil'd, in a dream, upon its mother's breast;
The pensive mother grey Anselmo led:
Behind, Lautaro bore his Father dead.

Beneath the branching palms they slept at night;
The small birds wak'd them ere the morning light.
Before their path, in distant view, appear'd
The mountain-smoke, that its dark column rear'd
O'er Andes' summits, in the pale blue sky,
Lifting their icy pinnacles so high.
Four days they onward led their eastern way:
On the fifth rising morn before them lay
Chillan's lone glen, amid whose windings green
The Warrior's lov'd and last abode was seen.
No smoke went up,—stillness was all around,
Save where the waters fell with soothing sound,
Save where the Thenca sung so loud and clear,
And the bright humming-bird was spinning near.

Yet here all human tumults seem'd to cease,
And sunshine rested on the spot of peace;
The myrtles bloom'd as fragrant and as green
As if Lautaro scarce had left the scene,—
And in his ear the falling water's spray
Seem'd swelling with the sounds of yesterday.—

"Where yonder rock the aged cedars shade,
There shall my father's bones in peace be laid."

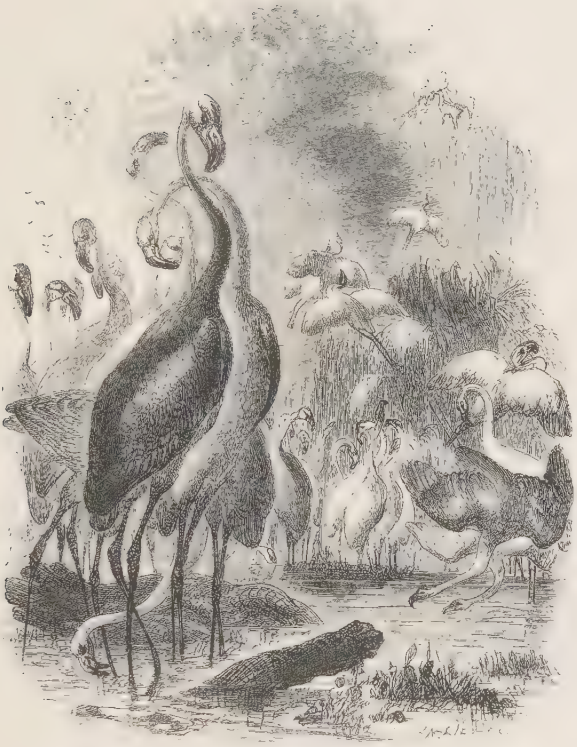
Beneath the cedars' shade they dug the ground;
The small and sad communion gather'd round.
Beside the grave stood aged Izdabel,
And broke the spear, and cried, "Farewell!—farewell!"
Lautaro hid his face, and sigh'd "Adieu!"
As the stone hatchet in the grave he threw.
The little child, that to its mother clung,
With sidelong looks, that on her garment hung,
Listen'd, half-shrinking, as with awe profound,
And dropt its flow'rs, unconscious, on the ground.
The Alpaca, grown old, and almost wild,
Which poor Olola cherish'd, when a child,
Came from the mountains, and, with earnest gaze,
Seem'd as rememb'ring those departed days,
When his tall neck he bent, with aspect bland,
And lick'd, in silence, the caressing hand!

And now Anselmo, his pale brow inclin'd,
The Warrior's relics, dust to dust, consign'd
With Christian rites, and sung, on bending knee,
"Eternam pacem dona, Domine."
Then, rising up, he clos'd the holy book,
And lifting in the beam his lighted look,
(The cross, with meekness, folded on his breast,)—
"Here, too," he cried, "my bones in peace shall rest!
Few years remain to me, and never more
Shall I behold, O Spain, thy distant shore!

Here lay my bones, that the same tree may wave
O'er the poor CHRISTIAN'S and the INDIAN'S grave.
Then may it—(when the sons of future days
Shall hear our tale, and on the hillock gaze)—
Then may it teach, that charity should bind,
Where'er they roam, the brothers of mankind!
The time shall come, when wildest tribes shall hear
Thy voice, O CHRIST! and drop the slaught'ring spear."

SUNRISE.

'TIS dawn:—the distant Andes' rocky spires,
One after one, have caught the orient fires.
Where the dun condor shoots his upward flight,
His wings are touch'd with momentary light.
Meantime, beneath the mountains' glittering heads,
A boundless ocean of grey vapour spreads,
That o'er the champaign, stretching far below,
Moves on, in cluster'd masses, rising slow,
Till all the living landscape is display'd
In various pomp of colour, light, and shade;
Hills, forests, rivers, lakes, and level plain,
Less'ning in sunshine to the southern main.
The Llama's fleece fumes with ascending dew;
The gem-like humming-birds their toils renew;



And see, where yonder stalks, in crimson pride,
The tall flamingo, by the river's side,—
Stalks, in his richest plumage bright array'd,
With snowy neck superb, and legs of length'ning shade.

ROGERS.

THE OLD HOUSE.

Mark yon old Mansion frowning thro' the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arch'd with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven convey'd.
The mould'ring gateway shows the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itself was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.
  See, through the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moss inlays the rudely sculptur'd shield,
The martin's old, hereditary nest—
Long may the ruin spare its hallow'd guest!
  As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!
Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall!
That hall, where once in antiquated state,
The chair of justice held the grave debate.
Now stain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We sweeten'd every meal with social glee.
The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest,
And all was sunshine in each little breast.
'Twas here we chas'd the slipper by the sound;
And turn'd the blind-fold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildest wing.

Giants and genii claimed each wondering ear;
And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the forest-feats of Robin Hood;

Oft, fancy led, at midnight's fearful hour
With startling step we scal'd the lonely tower;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep.
As o'er the dusky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The storied arras, source of fond delight,
With old achievements charms the wilder'd sight;
And still, with heraldry's rich hues imprest,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd crest.
The screen unfolds its many-colour'd chart,
The clock still points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 't was heaven to hear,
When soft it spoke a promis'd pleasure near;
And has its sober hand, its simple chime,
Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time?
The massive beam, with curious carving wrought,
Whence the caged linnet sooth'd my pensive thought;
Those muskets, cased with venerable rust;
Those once-lov'd forms, still breathing thro' their dust;
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic cast,
Starting to life—all whisper of the Past!

MOTHER AND CHILD.

The day arrives, the moment wish'd and fear'd:
The child is born, by many a pang endear'd:
And now, the Mother's ear has caught his cry!
Oh! grant the cherub to her asking eye.
He comes!—she clasps him! To her bosom prest,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the Stranger knows;
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!

As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are hear ;
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy Sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Lock'd in her arms, his arms across her flung,
(That name most dear for ever on his tongue.)
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!
But soon a nobler task demands her care,
Apart she joins his little hands in prayer,
Telling of Him who sees in secret there:
And now the volume on her knee has caught
His wandering eye—now many a written thought
Never to die, with many a lisping sweet,
His moving, murmuring lips endeavour to repeat.
Released, he chases the bright butterfly ;
Oh, he would follow—follow through the sky!
Climbs the gaunt mastiff slumbering in his chain,
And chides and buffets, clinging by the mane;
Then runs, and kneeling by the fountain-side,
Sends his brave ship in triumph down the tide,
A dangerous voyage ; or, if now he can,
If now he wears the habit of a man,
Flings off the coat so much his pride and pleasure,
And, like a miser digging for his treasure,
His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
And in green letters sees his name arise!
Where'er he goes, for ever in her sight,
She looks, and looks, and still with new delight.

AMELIA OPIE.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, Lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
  And hear a helpless Orphan's tale:
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
  'T is want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
  And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died—
  And I am now an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I,
  When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
  And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought,
  She could not bear to see my joy;
For with my father's life t' was bought,
  And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,—
  My mother, shudd'ring, closed her ears;
"Rejoice! rejoice!" still cried the crowd,—
  My mother answer'd with her tears.
"Why are you crying thus," said I,
  "While others laugh and shout with joy?"
She kiss'd me—and, with such a sigh!
  She call'd me her poor orphan boy.

"What is an orphan boy?" I cried,
  As in her face I look'd and smiled;
My mother through her tears replied,
  "You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!"
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
  And I'm no more a parent's joy,—
O Lady,—I have learnt too well
  What 't is to be an orphan boy.

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—
  Nay, gentle Lady, do not chide,—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
  The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me?
  You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
  Your happy, happy orphan boy.

WILLIAM SPENCER

TO THE LADY ANNE HAMILTON.

Too late I stay'd, forgive the crime,
  Unheeded flew the hours;
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
  That only treads on flowers!

What eye with clear account remarks
  The ebbing of his glass,
When all its sands are diamond sparks
  That dazzle as they pass!

Ah! who to sober measurement
  Time's happy swiftness brings,
When birds of Paradise have lent
  Their plumage for its wings?

BYRON.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is grey, but not with years;
  Nor grew it white
  In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
  But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
  And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd, and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith
I suffer'd chains and courted death;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place.
We were seven—who now are one.
  Six in youth, and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
  Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd;
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied:
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old;
There are seven columns, massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,—
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;—
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er:
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus, together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but join'd in heart,
'T was still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each,
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;

But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon stone,
A grating sound—not full and free,

As they of yore were wont to be :
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did—my best ;
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,—
For him my soul was sorely moved :
And truly might it be distrest
To see such bird in such a nest ;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
Unless he could assuage the woe
Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
But form'd to combat with his kind ;
Strong in his frame, and of a mood
Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
And perish'd in the foremost rank
With joy : but not in chains to pine :
His spirit wither'd with their clank ;

I saw it silently decline—
And so, perchance, in sooth, did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls:
A thousand feet in depth below
Its massy waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
Which round about the wave enthrals:
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,—
We heard it ripple night and day;
Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
And I have felt the winter's spray
Wash through the bars when winds were high
And wanton in the happy sky;
And then the very rock hath rock'd,
And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
Because I could have smiled to see
The death that would have set me free.

I said my nearer brother pin'd,
I said his mighty heart declin'd;
He loath'd and put away his food;
It was not that 't was coarse and rude,
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care:

The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow-men
Like brutes within an iron den;—
But what were these to us or him?
These wasted not his heart, or limb.
My brother's soul was of that mould
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side.
But why delay the truth?—He died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlock'd his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love.
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument!

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,

The infant love of all his race,
His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He too, who yet had held, untir'd,
A spirit natural or inspir'd,
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was wither'd on the stalk away.
Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And griev'd for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope—my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,

More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listen'd, but I could not hear—
I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 't was hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonishèd;
I call'd, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him: I found him not;
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only liv'd—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon dew;
The last—the sole—the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceas'd to breathe:
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
I know not why
I could not die;
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death.

What next befel me then and there
I know not well—I never knew;
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;

For all was blank, and bleak, and grey :
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place ;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death ;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless !

A light broke in upon my brain—
  It was the carol of a bird ;
It ceas'd, and then it came again,
  The sweetest song ear ever heard ;
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery ;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track :
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
  And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
  And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd, like me, to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,

And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
  Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
  Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in wingèd guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For—Heaven forgive that thought!—the while
Which made me both to weep and smile,
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 't was mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud;
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
  A single cloud on a summer day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
  When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inur'd to sights of woe,
But so it was:—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;

And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profan'd their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all,
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child—no sire—no kin had I,
No partner in my misery.
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,

The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly;
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
And yet my glance, too much oppress,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,—
I kept no count—I took no note;
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote;—
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where:
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus, when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown

A hermitage—and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade;
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill! yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are:—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnam'd
Death and existence: Sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity;
They pass like spirits of the past—they speak
Like sibyls of the future; they have power—

The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,
The dread of vanish'd shadows—Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow? What are they?
Creations of the mind?—The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been, and give
A breath to forms that can outlive all flesh.
I would recall a vision which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity, the last
As 't were the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and cornfields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs;—the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there,
Gazing—the one on all that was beneath,
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her;
And both were young, and one was beautiful:
And both were young—yet not alike in youth.
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years, and to his eye
There was but one beloved face on earth,

And that was shining on him ; he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away ;
He had no breath, no being, but in hers :
She was his voice ; he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words : she was his sight,

For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects:—he had ceas'd
To live within himself; she was his life,
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all; upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him; to her he was
Even as a brother—but no more; 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race. It was a name
Which pleas'd him, and yet pleas'd him not—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved
Another;—even *now* she loved another,
And on the summit of that hill she stood,
Looking afar if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique Oratory stood
The Boy of whom I spake; he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sat him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 't were
With a convulsion—then rose again,
And with his teeth and quivering hands did tear
What he had written, but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he pass'd,

The Lady of his love re-enter'd there ;
She was serene and smiling then, and yet
She knew she was by him belov'd,—she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow, and she saw
That he was wretched, but she saw not all.
He rose, and with a cold and gentle grasp
He took her hand ; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced, and then it faded, as it came ;
He dropp'd the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retir'd, but not as bidding her adieu,
For they did part with mutual smiles ; he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old Hall,
And, mounting on his steed, he went his way ;
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Boy was sprung to manhood : in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams : he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects ; he was not
Himself like what he had been ; on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer ;
There was a mass of many images
Crowded like waves upon me, but he was
A part of all ; and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had surviv'd the names
Of those who rear'd them ; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain ; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around :
And they were canopied by the blue sky,

So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better :—in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing Infancy,
Daughters and sons of Beauty,—but behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charg'd with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—She had all she loved,
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repress'd affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be? She had loved him not,
Not given him cause to deem himself beloved,
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wand'rer was return'd.—I saw him stand
Before an altar—with a gentle bride;
Her face was fair, but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood;—as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique Oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then—
As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced—and then it faded as it came,
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke

The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
And all things reel'd around him; he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny, came back
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Lady of his love;—oh! she was changed,
As by the sickness of the soul; her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth; she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms impalpable and unperceiv'd
Of others' sight familiar were to hers.
And this the world calls phrenzy; but the wise
Have a far deeper madness, and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift;
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The Wand'rer was alone as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him; he was a mark
For blight and desolation, compass'd round
With Hatred and Contention; Pain was mix'd

In all which was serv'd up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,
But were a kind of nutriment; he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains: with the stars
And the quick Spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries.
To him the book of Night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret. Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change.
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality—the one
To end in madness—both in misery.

SHELLEY.

WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES.

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear

The purple noon's transparent light.
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The city's voice itself is soft, like Solitude's.

I see the deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple sea-weeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolv'd in star-showers, thrown.
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noon-tide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measur'd motion.
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walk'd with inward glory crown'd—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might steal on me,
And I might feel, in the warm air
My cheek grow wet, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

Some might lament that I was cold,
As I, when this sweet day is gone,
Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,
Insults with this untimely moan :—
They might lament,—for I am one
Whom men love not—and yet regret;
Unlike this day, which, when the sun
Shall on its stainless glory set,
Will linger, though enjoy'd, like joy in memory yet.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and sand,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the Dawn,
I sigh'd for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,

And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me? And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled:
Of neither would I ask the boon,
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon,—soon!

SPRING.

O Spring! of hope, and love, and youth, and gladness,
White-wing'd emblem! brightest, best, and fairest!
Whence comest thou, when with dark Winter's sadness
The tears that fade in sunny smiles thou sharest?
Sister of joy! thou art the child who wearest
Thy mother's dying smile, tender and sweet;
Thy mother Autumn, for whose grave thou bearest
Fresh flowers, and beams like flowers, with gentle feet
Disturbing not the leaves which are her winding-sheet.

KEATS.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,

Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth!
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards
But on the viewless wings of Poesy
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:

Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms, and winding mossy ways.

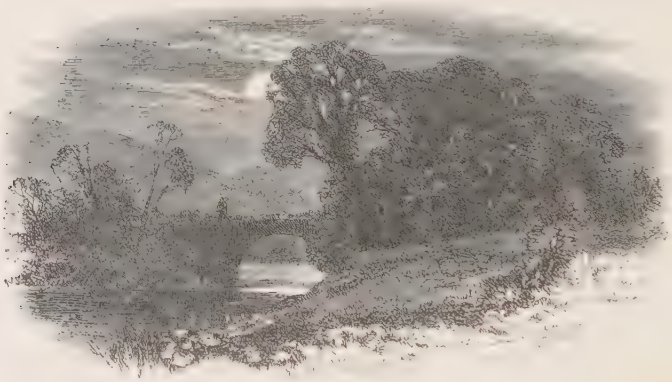
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

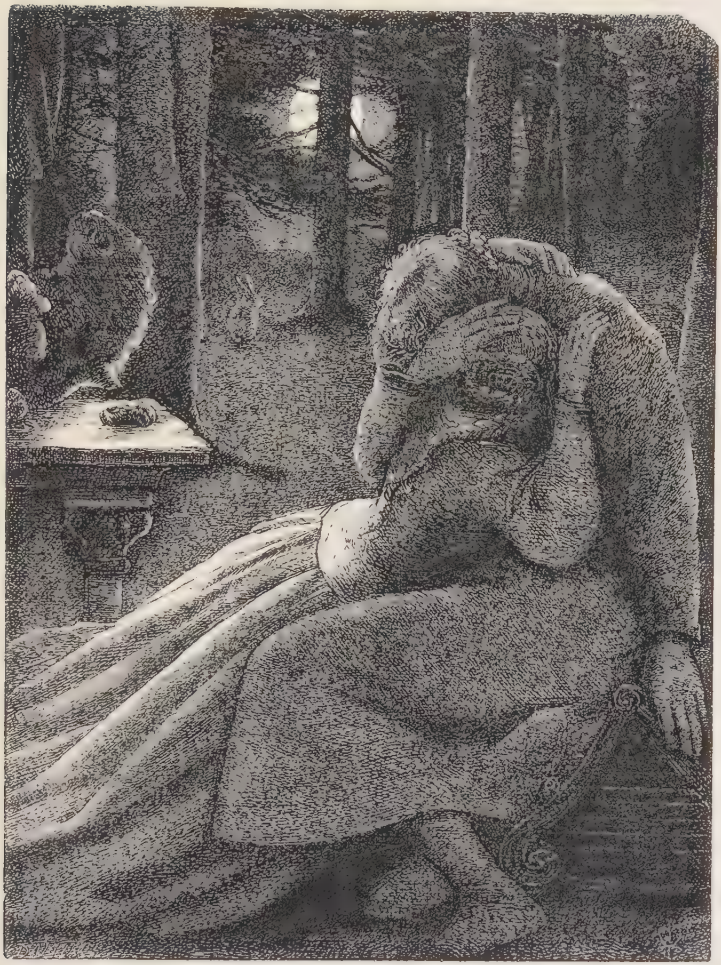
Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:

Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 't is buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?





COLERIDGE.

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,

All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine, stealing o'er the scene,
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armèd man,
The statue of the armèd knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes, and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,—

There came, and look'd him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leaped amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land;

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain—
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain;

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest-leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—but when I reached
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
  Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrilled my guileless Genevieve,
The music and the doleful tale,
  The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng;
And gentle wishes long subdued,
  Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blushed with love and virgin shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
  I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stept aside;
As conscious of my look, she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye,
  She fled to me and wept.

She half inclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And, bending back her head, look'd up
  And gazed upon my face.

'T was partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 't was a bashful art
That I might rather feel, than see,
  The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
  My bright and beauteous Bride!

WORDSWORTH.

THE GLORY OF IMAGINATION.

The Shepherd-lad, that in the sunshine carves,
On the green turf, a dial—to divide
The silent hours; and who to that report
Can portion out his pleasures, and adapt,
Throughout a long and lonely summer's day,
His round of pastoral duties, is not left
With less intelligence for *moral* things
Of gravest import. Early he perceives,
Within himself, a measure and a rule,
Which to the sun of truth he can apply,
That shines for him, and shines for all mankind.
Experience daily fixing his regards

On Nature's wants, he knows how few they are,
And where they lie, how answer'd and appeas'd:
This knowledge ample recompense affords
For manifold privations; he refers
His notions to this standard; on this rock
Rests his desires; and hence, in after life,
Soul-strengthening patience and sublime content.
Imagination—not permitted here
To waste her powers, as in the worldling's mind,
On fickle pleasures, and superfluous cares,
And trivial ostentation—is left free
And puissant to range the solemn walks
Of time and nature, girded by a zone
That, while it binds, invigorates and supports.
Acknowledge, then, that whether by the side
Of his poor hut, or on the mountain-top,
Or in the cultur'd field, a Man so bred
(Take from him what you will upon the score
Of ignorance or illusion) lives and breathes
For noble purposes of mind: his heart
Beats to th' heroic song of ancient days;
His eye distinguishes, his soul creates.

A CLOUD PICTURE.

So was he lifted gently from the ground,
And with their freight homeward the shepherds mov'd
Through the dull mist, I following—when a step,
A single step, that freed me from the skirts
Of the blind vapour, open'd to my view
Glory beyond all glory ever seen
By waking sense, or by the dreaming soul!
Th' appearance, instantaneously disclos'd,

Was of a mighty city—boldly say
A wilderness of building, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,
Far sinking into splendour—without end!
Fabric it seem'd of diamond and of gold,
With alabaster domes and silver spires,
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high
Uplifted: here, serene pavilions bright,
In avenues dispos'd; there, towers begirt
With battlements that on their restless fronts
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!
By earthly nature had th' effect been wrought
Upon the dark materials of the storm
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto
The vapours had receded, taking there
Their station under a cerulean sky.
Oh, 't was an unimaginable sight!—
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks, and emerald turf.
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,
Confus'd, commingled, mutually inflam'd,
Molten together, and composing thus,
Each lost in each, that marvellous array
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,
In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd.
Right in the midst, where interspace appear'd
Of open court, an object like a throne
Under a shining canopy of state
Stood fix'd; and fix'd resemblances were seen
To implements of ordinary use,
But vast in size, in substance glorified;
Such as by Hebrew Prophets were beheld
In vision—forms uncouth of mightiest power
For admiration and mysterious awe.
This little Vale, a dwelling-place of Man,
Lay low beneath my feet; 't was visible—

I saw not, but I felt that it was there.
That which I *saw* was the reveal'd abode
Of spirits in beatitude: my heart
Swell'd in my breast.—"I have been dead," I cried,
"And now I live! Oh! wherefore *do* I live?"
And with that pang I pray'd to be no more!

DION.

(SEE PLUTARCH.)

SERENE, and fitted to embrace,
Where'er he turn'd, a swan-like grace
Of haughtiness without pretence,
And to unfold a still magnificence,
Was princely Dion, in the power
And beauty of his happier hour.
And what pure homage *then* did wait
On Dion's virtues, while the lunar beam
Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,
Fell round him in the grove of Academe,
Softening their inbred dignity austere—
  That he, not too elate
  With self-sufficing solitude,
But with majestic loneliness endued,
Might in the universal bosom reign,
And from affectionate observance gain
Help, under every change of adverse fate.

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day!
Each crown'd with flowers, and arm'd with spear and shield,
Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,
To Syracuse advance in bright array.

Who leads them on? The anxious people see
Long-exiled Dion marching at their head;
He also crown'd with flowers of Sicily,
And in a white, far-beaming corslet clad!
Pure transport, undisturb'd by doubt or fear,
The gazers feel; and, rushing to the plain,
Salute those strangers as a holy train,
Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear),
That brought their precious liberty again.
Lo! when the gates are enter'd, on each hand,
Down the long street, rich goblets fill'd with wine
In seemly order stand,
On tables set, as if for rites divine;—
And, as the great Deliverer marches by,
He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown;
And flowers are on his person thrown
In boundless prodigality;
Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,
Invoking Dion's tutelary care,
As if a very Deity he were!

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica!—and mourn
Ilissus, bending o'er thy classic urn!
Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads
Your once sweet memory, studious walks, and shades!
For him who to divinity aspired,
Not on the breath of popular applause,
But through dependence on the sacred laws
Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,
Intent to trace th' ideal path of right
(More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)
Which Dion learn'd to measure with sublime delight;
But he hath overleap'd th' eternal bars;
And, following guides whose craft holds no consent
With aught that breathes th' ethereal element,
Hath stain'd the robes of civil power with blood
Unjustly shed, though for the public good.

Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,
Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain;
And oft his cogitations sink as low
As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,
The heaviest plummet of despair can go—
But whence that sudden check? that fearful start?
He hears an uncouth sound—
Anon his lifted eyes
Saw, at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,
A Shape of more than mortal size
And hideous aspect, stalking round and round!
A woman's garb the phantom wore,
And swiftly swept the marble floor—
Like Auster whirling to and fro,
His force on Caspian foam to try;
Or Boreas when he scours the snow
That skins the plains of Thessaly,
Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops
His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops!

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,
The sullen Spectre to her purpose bow'd,
Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—
No pause admitted, no design avow'd!
"Avaunt, inexplicable guest! avaunt!"
Exclaim'd the Chieftain—"let me rather see
The coronal that coiling vipers make;
The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,
And the long train of doleful pageantry
Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt;
Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,
Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,
And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne!"

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,
Will not depart when mortal voices bid;
Lords of the visionary eye, whose lid,

Once raised, remains aghast, and will not fall!
Ye gods, thought he, that servile Implement
  Obeys a mystical intent!
Your Minister would brush away
The spots that to my soul adhere;
But should She labour night and day,
They will not, cannot disappear;
Whence angry perturbations,—and that look
Which no philosophy can brook!

Ill-fated Chief! there are whose hopes are built
Upon the ruins of thy glorious name;
Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,
Pursue thee with their deadly aim!
O matchless perfidy! portentous lust
Of monstrous crime! that horror-striking blade,
Drawn in defiance of the gods, hath laid
The noble Syracusan low in dust!
Shudder'd the walls—the marble city wept—
And sylvan places heav'd a pensive sigh;
But in calm peace th' appointed Victim slept,
As he had fall'n in magnanimity;
Of spirit too capacious to require
That Destiny her course should change; too just
To his own native greatness to desire
That wretched boon, days lengthen'd by mistrust.
So were the hopeless troubles, that involved
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved.
Releas'd from life, and cares of princely state,
He left this moral grafted on his Fate:—
"Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends."

INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

In Brugès town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.

The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and chords,
The strain seem'd doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words
Had fall'n upon the ear.

It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quiver'd and seem'd almost to heave,
Cloth'd with innocuous fire;
But, where we stood, the setting sun
Show'd little of his state;
And, if the glory reach'd the Nun,
'T was through an iron grate.

Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly borne,
If even a passing Stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.

Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
  Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
  And opening life to thee?

Such feeling press'd upon the soul,
  A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
  From the Maiden at my side:
Less tribute could she pay than this,
  Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
  Of English liberty?

A JEWISH FAMILY.

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST. GOAR, UPON THE RHINE.

Genius of Raphael! if thy wings
  Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
  To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring Rhine,
  And all his majesty—
A studious forehead to incline
  O'er this poor family.

The Mother—her thou must have seen,
  In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
  Or found on earth a name;
An image, too, of that sweet Boy
  Thy inspirations give—
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
  Predestined here to live.

Downcast, or shooting glances far,
  How beautiful his eyes,
That blend the nature of the star
  With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguil'd;
  Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
  That exquisite Saint John.

I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,
  The smooth transparent skin,
Refin'd, as with intent to show
  The holiness within ;
The grace of parting Infancy
  By blushes yet untam'd ;
Aye faithful to the mother's knee,
  Nor of her arms asham'd.

Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
  As flowers, stand side by side ;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
  The Christian of his pride ;
Such beauty hath th' Eternal pour'd
  Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorr'd,
  Nor yet redeem'd from scorn.

Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
  Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
  From Hebrew fountains sprung ;
That gives this ragged group to cast
  Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
  And proud Jerusalem !

LAMB.

HESTER.—A REMEMBRANCE.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit—

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 't was not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

VERSES FOR AN ALBUM.

Fresh clad from heaven in robes of white,
A young probationer of light,
Thou wert, my soul, an Album bright,

A spotless leaf; but thought, and care,
And friends, and foes, in foul or fair,
Have written "strange defeature" there.

And Time, with heaviest hand of all,
Like that fierce writing on the wall,
Hath stamp'd sad dates he can't recall.

And Error, gilding worse designs,
Like speckled snake that strays and shines—
Betrays his path by crooked lines.

My scalded eyes no longer brook
Upon this ink-blurr'd thing to look.
Go—shut the leaves—and clasp the book!

KIRKE WHITE.

THE HERB ROSEMARY.

Sweet scented flower! who art wont to bloom
On January's front severe,
And o'er the wintry desert drear
To waft thy waste perfume!
Come, thou shalt form my nosegay now,
And I will bind thee round my brow;
And as I twine the mournful wreath,
I'll weave a melancholy song,
And sweet the strain shall be, and long,
The melody of death.

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st to dwell
With the pale corse in lonely tomb,
And throw across the desert gloom
A sweet decaying smell.
Come, press my lips, and lie with me
Beneath the lowly alder-tree;
And we will sleep a pleasant sleep,
And not a care shall dare intrude,
To break the marble solitude,
So peaceful, and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he flies,
Moans hollow in the forest-trees,
And sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is mine,
It warns me to the lonely shrine,

The cold turf altar of the dead;
My grave shall be in yon lone spot,
Where as I lie, by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt o'er my ashes shed.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resign'd thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye the ling'ring knell,
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here!

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discuss'd)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

ODE TO DISAPPOINTMENT.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most belov'd on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 't was sweet, 't was passing sweet,
But now 't is gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form belov'd is laid.

Then, since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With cautious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still?

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run;
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will be done!

SCOTT.

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

The sun upon the Weirdlaw Hill,
In Ettrick's vale, is sinking sweet;

THE SUN UPON THE WEIRDLAW HILL.

The westland wind is hush't and still,
  The lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
  Bears those sweet hues that once it bore;
Though Evening, with her richest dye,
  Flames o'er the hills of Ettrick shore.

With listless look along the plain,
  I see Tweed's silver current glide,
And coldly mark the holy fane
  Of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
  The hill, the stream, the tower, the tree—
Are they still sweet as once they were,
  Or is the dreary change in me?

Alas! the warp'd and broken board,
  How can it bear the painter's dye?
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,
  How to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lours,
  To feverish pulse each gale blows chill;
And Araby, or Eden's bowers,
  Were barren as this moorland hill.

MARMION—DYING.

They parted, and alone he lay;
Clare drew her from the sight away,
Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
And half he murmur'd,—"Is there none,
Of all my halls have nurst,
Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
Of blessed water from the spring,
To slake my dying thirst?"

O Woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou!—
Scarce were the piteous accents said,
When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
To the nigh streamlet ran:
Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears—
The plaintive voice alone she hears,
Sees but the dying man.
She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
But in abhorrence backward drew;
For, oozing from the mountains wide,
Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
Where shall she turn? behold her mark
A little fountain cell,
Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
In a stone basin fell.
Above, some half-worn letters say,

Drink . weary . pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Grey .
Who . built . this . cross . and . well .

She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
And with surprise and joy espied
A Monk supporting Marmion's head—
A pious man, whom duty brought
To dubious verge of battle fought,
To shrive the dying, bless the dead.

THE BURNING OF ROKEBY.

Soon murkier clouds the Hall enfold,
Than e'er from battle-thunders roll'd—
So dense, the combatants scarce know
To aim or to avoid the blow.
Smoth'ring and blindfold grows the fight—
But soon shall dawn a dismal light!

'Mid cries, and clashing arms, there came
The hollow sound of rushing flame;
New horrors on the tumult dire
Arise—the Castle is on fire!
Doubtful, if chance had cast the brand,
Or frantic Bertram's desperate hand.
Matilda saw—for frequent broke
From the dim casements gusts of smoke.
Yon tower, which late so clear defin'd
On the fair hemisphere reclin'd,
That, pencill'd on its azure pure,
The eye could count each embrasure,
Now, swath'd within the sweeping cloud,
Seems giant spectre in his shroud;
Till, from each loophole flashing light,
A spout of fire shines ruddy bright,
And, gathering to united glare,
Streams high into the midnight air;
A dismal beacon, far and wide
That waken'd Greta's slumbering side.
Soon all beneath, through gallery long
And pendant arch, the fire flash'd strong,
Snatching whatever could maintain,
Raise, or extend, its furious reign;
Startling, with closer cause of dread,
The females who the conflict fled,
And now rush'd forth upon the plain,
Filling the air with clamours vain.

But ceas'd not yet, the Hall within,
The shriek, the shout, the carnage-din,
Till bursting lattices give proof
The flames have caught the rafter'd roof.
What! wait they till its beams amain
Crash on the slayers and the slain?
Th' alarm is caught—the drawbridge falls—
The warriors hurry from the walls;

But, by the conflagration's light,
Upon the lawn renew the fight.
Each straggling felon down was hew'd,
Not one could gain the shelt'ring wood;
But forth th' affrighted harper sprung,
And to Matilda's robe he clung.
Her shriek, entreaty, and command,
Stopp'd the pursuer's lifted hand.
Denzil and he alive were ta'en;
The rest, save Bertram, all are slain.

And where is Bertram?—Soaring high,
The general flame ascends the sky;
In gather'd group the soldiers gaze
Upon the broad and roaring blaze,
When, like infernal demon, sent
Red from his penal element,
To plague and to pollute the air—
His face all gore, on fire his hair—
Forth from the central mass of smoke
The giant form of Bertram broke!
His brandish'd sword on high he rears,
Then plung'd among opposing spears;
Round his left arm his mantle truss'd,
Receiv'd and foil'd three lances' thrust;
Nor these his headlong course withstood,
Like reeds he snapp'd the tough ash-wood;
In vain his foes around him clung;
With matchless force aside he flung
Their boldest,—as the bull at bay
Tosses the ban-dogs from his way,
Through forty foes his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade.

Scarce was this final conflict o'er,
When from the postern Redmond bore
Wilfrid, who, as of life bereft,

Had in the fatal Hall been left,
Deserted there by all his train ;—
But Redmond saw, and turn'd again.
Beneath an oak he laid him down,
That in the blaze gleam'd ruddy brown,
And then his mantle's clasp undid ;
Matilda held his drooping head,
Till, given to breathe the freer air,
Returning life repaid their care.
He gaz'd on them with heavy sigh,—
"I could have wish'd even thus to die!"
No more he said—for now with speed
Each trooper had regain'd his steed ;
The ready palfreys stood array'd,
For Redmond and for Rokeby's Maid ;
Two Wilfrid on his horse sustain,
One leads his charger by the rein.
But oft Matilda look'd behind,
As up the Vale of Tees they wind,
Where far the mansion of her sires
Beacon'd the dale with midnight fires.
In gloomy arch above them spread,
The clouded heaven lower'd bloody red ;
Beneath, in sombre light, the flood
Appear'd to roll in waves of blood.
Then, one by one, was heard to fall
The tower, the donjon-keep, the hall.
Each rushing down with thunder sound,
A space the conflagration drown'd ;
Till, gathering strength, again it rose,
Announc'd its triumph in its close,
Shook wide its light the landscape o'er,
Then sunk—and Rokeby was no more!

CAMPBELL.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track,
Till Autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the house of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

"Stay—stay with us!—rest! thou art weary and worn!"—
(And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;)
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away!

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate!" said the heart-broken stranger:
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours;
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?

Ah! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
  But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
  One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing,
  Land of my forefathers! Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
  Erin mavournin,—Erin-go-bragh!'"

DRINKING SONG OF MUNICH.

Sweet Iser! were thy sunny realm
  And flowery gardens mine,
Thy waters I would shade with elm,
  To prop the tender vine.
My golden flagons I would fill
With rosy draughts from every hill;
  And, under each green spreading bower,
My gay companions should prolong
The feast, the revel, and the song,
  To many an idle sportive hour.

Like rivers crimson'd by the beam
  Of yonder planet bright,
Our balmy cups should ever stream
  Profusion of delight;
No care should touch the mellow heart,
And sad or sober none depart:
  (For wine can triumph over woe;)
And Love and Bacchus, brother powers,
Should build in Iser's sunny bowers
  A Paradise below.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day,
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:
They rally, they bleed for their kingdom and crown,—
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning—no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led;
Oh, weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave—
Culloden that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad:
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-show'r of Ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
O crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd my clan:
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam, like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws!
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clanronald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

WIZARD.

—Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day;
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal:
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the bloodhounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight—
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight! . . . .
. . . 'T is finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the fagots that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

LOCHIEL.

—Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale;
For never shall Albin a destiny meet
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.
Tho' my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And, leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter, was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven ;
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven ;
And, louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainèd snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

—

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.—

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
"Hearts of oak!" our captain cried; when each gun

From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.—

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:
Then ceas'd—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave:
"Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save:—
So peace instead of death let us bring:
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As Death withdrew his shades from the day;
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.—

Now joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,

By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!—

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant, good Riou;—
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-wave,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THE DEATH OF ADAM.

The sun, in summer majesty on high,
Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky;
Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling rays,
His orb expanded through a dreary haze,
And, circled with a red portentous zone,
He look'd in sickly horror from his throne:
When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,
Thence to his home our father we convey'd,
And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,
On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.
Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known,
We chose to watch his dying-bed alone,
Eve, Seth, and I.—In vain he sigh'd for rest,
And oft his meek complainings thus express'd:
"Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! O bring
Delicious water from the deepest spring;
Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse,
Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnight dews;
Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;
Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear;
These sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom—
This silence is the silence of the tomb."

The sun went down, amidst an angry glare
Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air;
The winds brake loose; the forest-boughs were torn,
And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;

Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid Evening vanish'd into night:
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale,
In peals of thunder, and thick-volley'd hail;
Prone rushing rains with torrents whelm'd the land;
Our cot amidst a river seem'd to stand;
Around its base, the foamy-crested streams
Flash'd through the darkness to the lightning's gleams;
With monstrous throes an earthquake heaved the ground;
The rocks were rent, the mountains trembled round.

Amidst this war of elements, within
More dreadful grew the sacrifice of sin,
Whose victim on his bed of torture lay,
Breathing the slow remains of life away.
Erewhile, victorious faith sublimer rose
Beneath the pressure of collected woes;
But now his spirit waver'd, went and came,
Like the loose vapour of departing flame,
Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to die
For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye,
Bright through the smouldering ashes of the man,
The saint brake forth, and Adam thus began:—
"O ye who shudder at this awful strife,
This wrestling agony of Death and Life,
Think not that He, on whom my soul is cast,
Will leave me thus forsaken to the last;
Nature's infirmity alone you see;
My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free:
Though firm in God the spirit holds her trust,
The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust.
Thou, of my faith the Author and the End!
Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend!
The joy, that once Thy presence gave, restore,
Ere I am summon'd hence, and seen no more;
Down to the dust returns this earthly frame—
Receive my spirit, Lord! from whom it came."

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil smile,
And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile:
Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd,
When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd
A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd door;
The sword of God in his right hand he bore;
His countenance was lightning, and his vest
Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain's crest;
Yet so benignly beautiful his form,
His presence still'd the fury of the storm;
At once the winds retire, the waters cease;
His look was love, his salutation "Peace!"
Our Mother first beheld him, sore amaz'd,
But terror grew to transport, while she gazed.—
"'T is he, the Prince of Seraphim! who drove
Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove.
Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake!" she cried;
"Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
O let me follow in this dear embrace!"
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view.
"I come!" he cried, with faith's full triumph fir'd,
And in a sigh of ecstasy expir'd.
The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the room,
Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom;
But o'er the scene a holy calm repos'd,
The gate of heaven had open'd there, and clos'd.

JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE PHRENZY OF ORRA.

Hartman. Is she well?

Theobald. Her body is.

Hart. And not her mind? oh, direst wreck of all!
That noble mind!—But 't is some passing seizure,
Some powerful movement of a transient nature;
It is not madness!

Theo. 'T is Heaven's infliction; let us call it so;
Give it no other name.

Eleanora. Nay, do not thus despair; when she beholds us,
She'll know her friends, and, by our kindly soothing,
Be gradually restored—

Alice. Let me go to her.

Theo. Nay, forbear, I pray thee;
I will myself with thee, my worthy Hartman;
Go in and lead her forth.

Orra. Come back, come back! the fierce and fiery light!

Theo. Shrink not, dear love! it is the light of day.

Orra. Have cocks crow'd yet?

Theo. Yes; twice I 've heard already
Their matin sound. Look up to the blue sky—
Is it not daylight there? And these green boughs
Are fresh and fragrant round thee; every sense
Tells thee it is the cheerful early day.

Orra. Aye, so it is; day takes his daily turn,
Rising between the gulfy dells of night,
Like whiten'd billows on a gloomy sea.

Till glow-worms gleam, and stars peep through the dark,
And will-o'-the-wisp his dancing taper light,
They will not come again.

[*Bending her ear to the ground.*

Hark, hark! aye, hark!
They are all there: I hear their hollow sound
Full many a fathom down.

Theo. Be still, poor troubled soul! they'll ne'er return—
They are for ever gone. Be well assured
Thou shalt from henceforth have a cheerful home,
With crackling fagots on thy midnight fire,
Blazing like day around thee; and thy friends—
Thy living, loving friends—still by thy side,
To speak to thee and cheer thee. See, my Orra!
They are beside thee now; dost thou not know them?

Orra. No, no! athwart the wav'ring garish light,
Things move and seem to be, and yet are nothing.

Elea. My gentle Orra! hast thou then forgot me?
Dost not thou know my voice?

Orra. 'Tis like an old tune to my ear return'd
For there be those who sit in cheerful halls,
And breathe sweet air, and speak with pleasant sounds;
And once I liv'd with such; some years gone by,—
I wot not now how long.

Hughobert. Keen words that rend my heart! thou hadst a home,
And one whose faith was pledged for thy protection.

Urston. Be more composed, my Lord; some faint remembrance
Returns upon her, with the well-known sound
Of voices once familiar to her ear.
Let Alice sing to her some fav'rite tune,
That may lost thoughts recall.

[*Alice sings.*

Orra. Ha, ha! the witch'd air sings for thee bravely.
Hoot owls through mantling fog for matin birds?
It lures not me.—I know thee well enough:
The bones of murder'd men thy measure beat,
And fleshless heads nod to thee—Off, I say!

Why are ye here?—That is the blessed sun.

Elea. Ah, Orra! do not look upon us thus;
These are the voices of thy loving friends
That speak to thee; this is a friendly hand
That presses thine so kindly.

Hart. Oh, grievous state! what terror seizes thee?

Orra. Take it away! It was the swathèd dead;
I know its clammy, chill, and bony touch.
Come not again; I'm strong and terrible now:
Mine eyes have look'd upon all dreadful things;
And when the earth yawns, and the hell-blast sounds,
I'll bide the trooping of unearthly steps,
With stiff, clench'd, terrible strength.

Hugh. A murd'rer is a guiltless wretch to me.

Hart. Be patient; 't is a momentary pitch;
Let me encounter it.

Orra. Take off from me thy strangely-fasten'd eye;
I may not look upon thee—yet I must.
Unfix thy baleful glance. Art thou a snake?
Something of horrid power within thee dwells.
Still, still that powerful eye doth suck me in
Like a dark eddy to its wheeling core.
Spare me! O spare me, Being of strange power,
And at thy feet my subject head I'll lay.

Elea. Alas, the piteous sight! to see her thus.
The noble, generous, playful, stately Orra!

Theo. Out on thy hateful and ungenerous guile!
Think'st thou I'll suffer o'er her wretched state
The slightest shadow of a base control?

[*Raising Orra from the ground.*

No; rise, thou stately flower with rude blasts rent:
As honour'd art thou with thy broken stem
And leaflets strew'd, as in thy summer's pride.
I've seen thee worshipp'd like a regal Dame,
With every studied form of mark'd devotion,
Whilst I, in distant silence, scarcely proffer'd
Ev'n a plain soldier's courtesy; but now,

No liege man to his crownèd mistress sworn,
Bound and devoted is as I to thee ;
And he who offers to thy alter'd state
The slightest seeming of diminish'd rev'rence,
Must in my blood—(*To Hartman*)—O pardon me, my friend!
Thou 'st wrung my heart.

Hart. Nay, do thou pardon me,—I am to blame:
Thy nobler heart shall not again be wrung.
But what can now be done? O'er such wild ravings
There must be some control.

Theo. O none! none! none! but gentle sympathy,
And watchfulness of love.
My noble Orra!
Wander where'er thou wilt, thy vagrant steps
Shall follow'd be by one, who shall not weary,
Nor e'er detach him from his hopeless task ;
Bound to thee now as fairest, gentlest beauty
Could ne'er have bound him.

Alice. See how she gazes on him with a look,
Subsiding gradually to softer sadness,
Half saying that she knows him.

El. There is a kindness in her changing eye.

GRAHAME.

THE SABBATH.

How still the morning of the hallow'd day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hush'd
The plough-boy's whistle, and the milk-maid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yestermorn bloom'd waving in the breeze;
Sounds the most faint attract the ear,—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant bleating, midway up the hill.
Calmness sits throned on you unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tun'd song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-worn glen;
While from you lowly roof, whose circling smoke
O'er-mounts the mist, is heard, at intervals,
The voice of Psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er you village broods;
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceas'd; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare

Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large ;
And as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-arm'd hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

SUNDAY TO THE SHIPWRECKED.

Oh! my heart bleeds to think there now may live
One hapless man, the remnant of a wreck,
Cast on some desert island of that main
Immense, which stretches from the Cochin shore
To Acapulco. Motionless he sits,
As is the rock his seat, gazing whole days,
With wandering eye, o'er all the watery waste;
Now striving to believe the albatross
A sail appearing on the horizon's verge;
Now vowing ne'er to cherish other hope
Than hope of death. Thus pass his weary hours,
Till welcome evening warn him that 't is time
Upon the well-notch'd calendar to mark
Another day, another dreary day,—
Changeless.

But yet by him,
The Hermit of the Deep, not unobserv'd
The Sabbath passes; 't is his great delight.
Each seventh eve he marks the farewell ray,
And loves, and sighs to think,—that setting sun
Is now empurpling Scotland's mountain-tops,
Or, higher risen, slants athwart her vales,
Tinting with yellow light the quivering throat
Of day-spring lark, while woodland birds below
Chaunt in the dewy shade. Thus, all night long
He watches, while the rising moon describes
The progress of the day in happier lands.
And now he almost fancies that he hears
The chiming from his native village church:

And now he sings, and fondly hopes the strain
May be the same that sweet ascends at home
In congregation full,—where, not without a tear,
They are remember'd who in ships behold
The wonders of the deep: he sees the hand,
The widow'd hand, that veils the eye suffus'd;
He sees his orphan'd boy look up, and strive
The widow'd heart to soothe. His spirit leans
On God.—
—Calm he views
The far-exploding firmament, and dares
To hope—one bolt in mercy is reserv'd
For his release; and yet he is resign'd
To live: because full well he is assur'd
Thy Hand does lead Him, thy right Hand upholds.
And thy right Hand does lead him! Lo! at last,
One sacred eve, he hears, faint from the deep,
Music remote, swelling at intervals,
As if the embodied spirit of sweet sounds
Came slowly floating on the shoreward wave:
The cadence well he knows—a hymn of old,
Where sweetly is rehears'd the lowly state
Of Jesus, when his birth was first announced,
In midnight music, by an angel choir,
To Bethlehem's shepherds, as they watch'd their flocks.
Breathless, the man forlorn listens, and thinks
It is a dream. Fuller the voices swell;
He looks, and starts to see, moving along,
A fiery wave, (so seems it,) crescent form'd,
Approaching to the land; straightway he sees
A towering whiteness; 't is the heaven-fill'd sails
That waft the mission'd men, who have renounced
Their homes, their country, nay, almost the world,
Bearing glad tidings to the farthest isles
Of ocean, that *the dead shall rise again.*
Forward the gleam-girt castle coast-wise glides,
It seems as it would pass away.—To cry

The wretched man in vain attempts, in vain,
Powerless his voice as in a fearful dream—
Not so his hand; he strikes a flint,—a blaze
Mounts from the ready heap of wither'd leaves:
The music ceases; accents harsh succeed,
Harsh, but most grateful; downward drop the sails;
Ingulf'd the anchor sinks; the boat is launch'd;
But cautious lies aloof till morning dawn:
Oh then the transport of the man, unus'd
To other human voice beside his own,—
His native tongue to hear! he breathes at home,
Though earth's diameter is interpos'd.
Of perils of the sea he has no dread,
Full well assur'd the mission'd bark is safe,
Held in the hollow of the Almighty's Hand.

A SABBATH WALK IN SUMMER.

Delightful is this loneliness; it calms
My heart; pleasant the cool beneath these elms,
That throw across the stream a moveless shade.
Here Nature in her midnoon whisper speaks:
How peaceful every sound! the ring-dove's plaint,
Moan'd from the twilight centre of the grove,
While every other woodland lay is mute,
Save when the wren flits from her down-coved nest,
And from the root-sprigs trills her ditty clear,—
The grasshopper's oft pausing chirp,—the buzz,
Angrily shrill, of moss-entangled bee,

That, soon as loos'd, booms with full twang away,—
The sudden rushing of the minnow shoal,
Scar'd from the shallows by my passing tread.
Dimpling the water glides, with here and there
A glossy fly, skimming in circlets gay
The treacherous surface, while the quick-eyed trout
Watches his time to spring; or, from above,

Some feather'd dam, purveying 'mong the boughs,
Darts from her perch, and to her plumeless brood
Bears off the prize:—sad emblem of man's lot!
He, giddy insect, from his native leaf,
(Where safe and happily he might have lurk'd,)
Elate upon ambition's gaudy wings,
Forgetful of his origin, and, worse,
Unthinking of his end, flies to the stream;
And if from hostile vigilance he 'scape,
Buoyant he flutters but a little while,
Mistakes the inverted image of the sky
For heaven itself, and, sinking, meets his fate.

Now, let me trace the stream up to its source
Among the hills; its runnel by degrees
Diminishing, the murmur turns a tinkle.
Closer and closer still the banks approach,
Tangled so thick with pleaching bramble-shoots,
With brier, and hazel-branch, and hawthorn-spray,
That, fain to quit the dingle, glad I mount
Into the open air; grateful the breeze
That fans my throbbing temples! smiles the plain
Spread wide below: how sweet the placid view!
But, oh! more sweet the thought, heart-soothing thought,
That thousands, and ten thousands of the sons
Of toil partake this day the common joy
Of rest, of peace, of viewing hill and dale,
Of breathing in the silence of the woods,
And blessing HIM who gave the Sabbath-day.
Yes, my heart flutters with a freer throb,
To think that now the townsman wanders forth
Among the fields and meadows, to enjoy
The coolness of the day's decline; to see
His children sport around, and simply pull
The flower and weed promiscuous, as a boon,
Which proudly in his breast they smiling fix.

Again I turn me to the hill, and trace
The wizard stream, now scarce to be discern'd;
Woodless its banks, but green with ferny leaves,
And thinly strew'd with heath-bells up and down.

Now, when the downward sun has left the glens,
Each mountain's rugged lineaments are traced
Upon the adverse slope, where stalks gigantic
The shepherd's shadow thrown across the chasm,
As on the topmost ridge he homeward hies.
How deep the hush! the torrent's channel, dry,
Presents a stony steep, the echo's haunt.
But hark, a plaintive sound floating along!
'T is from you heath-roof'd shielin; now it dies
Away, now rises full; it is the song
Which He who listens to the halleluias
Of choiring Seraphim delights to hear;
It is the music of the heart, the voice
Of venerable age,—of guileless youth,
In kindly circle seated on the ground
Before their wicker door. Behold the man!
The grandsire and the saint; his silvery locks
Beam in the parting ray; before him lies,
Upon the smooth-cropt sward, the open Book,
His comfort, stay, and ever-new delight;
While heedless, at his side, the lisping boy
Fondles the lamb that nightly shares his couch.

BLOOMFIELD.

LAMBS AT PLAY.

Loosed from the winding lane, a joyful throng,
See o'er yon pasture how they pour along!
Giles round their boundaries takes his usual stroll,
Sees every gate secur'd, and fences whole:
High fences, proud to charm the gazing eye,
Where many a nestling first essays to fly;
Where blows the woodbine, faintly streak'd with red,
And rests on every bough its tender head;
Round the young ash its twining branches meet,
Or crown the hawthorn with its odour sweet.

Say, ye that know, ye who have felt and seen
Spring's morning smiles, and soul-enlivening green,
Say, did you give the thrilling transport way?
Did your eye brighten, when young lambs at play
Leap'd o'er your path with animated pride,
Or grazed in merry clusters by your side?
Ye who can smile, to wisdom no disgrace,
At the arch meaning of a kitten's face;
If spotless innocence, and infant mirth,
Excites to praise, or gives reflection birth;
In shades like these pursue your favourite joy,
Midst Nature's revels, sports that never cloy.

A few begin a short but vigorous race,
And indolence, abash'd, soon flies the place:
Thus challeng'd forth, see thither one by one,
From every side assembling playmates run;

A thousand wily antics mark their stay,
A starting crowd impatient of delay.
Like the fond dove, from fearful prison freed,
Each seems to say, "Come, let us try our speed;"
Away they scour, impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along;
Adown the slope, then up the hillock climb,
Where every mole-hill is a bed of thyme.
There panting stop; yet scarcely can refrain;
A bird, a leaf, will set them off again:
Or, if a gale with strength unusual blow,
Scattering the wild-brier roses into snow,
Their little limbs increasing efforts try,
Like the torn flower the fair assemblage fly.

THE FARMER'S BOY IN THE FIELDS.

Shot up from broad rank blades that droop below,
The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow,
With milky kernels starting full, weigh'd down,
Ere yet the sun hath tinged its head with brown;
Whilst thousands in a flock, for ever gay,
Loud-chirping sparrows welcome in the day,
And from the mazes of the leafy thorn
Drop one by one upon the bending corn.
Giles with a pole assails their close retreats,
And round the grass-grown dewy border beats;
On either side completely overspread,
Here branches bend, there corn o'ertops his head.
Green covert, hail! for thro' the varying year
No hours so sweet, no scene to him so dear.
Here Wisdom's placid eye delighted sees
His frequent intervals of lonely ease,
And with one ray his infant soul inspires,
Just kindling there her never-dying fires,
Whence solitude derives peculiar charms,
And heaven-directed thought his bosom warms.
Just where the parting bough's light shadows play,
Scarce in the shade, nor in the scorching day,
Stretch'd on the turf he lies, a peopled bed,
Where swarming insects creep around his head.
The small dust-colour'd beetle climbs with pain
O'er the smooth plantain-leaf, a spacious plain!
Thence higher still, by countless steps convey'd,
He gains the summit of a shiv'ring blade,
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground.

The tender speckled moth here dancing seen,
The vaulting grasshopper of glossy green,
And all prolific Summer's sporting train,
Their little lives by various powers sustain
But what can unassisted vision do?
What, but recoil where most it would pursue;
His patient gaze but finish with a sigh.
When music waking speaks the sky-lark nigh!

Just starting from the corn she cheerly sings,
And trusts with conscious pride her downy wings;
Still louder breathes, and in the face of day
Mounts up, and calls on Giles to mark her way.
Close to his eyes his hat he instant bends,
And forms a friendly telescope, that lends
Just aid enough to dull the glaring light,
And place the wandering bird before his sight;
Yet oft beneath a cloud she sweeps along,
Lost for awhile, yet pours her varied song.
He views the spot, and as the cloud moves by,
Again she stretches up the clear blue sky;
Her form, her motion, undistinguish'd quite,
Save when she wheels direct from shade to light:
The fluttering songstress a mere speck became,
Like fancy's floating bubbles in a dream;
He sees her yet, but yielding to repose,
Unwittingly his jaded eyelids close.
Delicious sleep! From sleep who could forbear,
With no more guilt than Giles, and no more care?
Peace o'er his slumbers waves her guardian wing,
Nor Conscience once disturbs him with a sting:
He wakes refresh'd from every trivial pain,
And takes his pole and brushes round again.

MOORE.

THE LAMENT OF THE PERI FOR HINDA.

Farewell,—farewell to thee, Araby's daughter!
(Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark sea,)
No pearl ever lay, under Oman's green water,
More pure in its shell than thy spirit in thee.

Oh! fair as the sea-flower close to thee growing,
How light was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the South o'er a summer lute blowing,
And hush'd all its music and wither'd its frame!

But long, upon Araby's green sunny highlands,
Shall maids and their lovers remember the doom

Of her, who lies sleeping among the Pearl Islands,
With nought but the sea-star to light up her tomb.

And still, when the merry date-season is burning,
And calls to the palm-groves the young and the old,
The happiest there, from their pastime returning,
At sunset, will weep when thy story is told.

The young village-maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till, neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away.

Nor shall Iran, belov'd of her Hero! forget thee—
Though tyrants watch over her tears as they start,
Close, close by the side of that Hero she'll set thee,
Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
With every thing beauteous that grows in the deep;
Each flower of the rock and each gem of the billow
Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest amber
That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has wept;
With many a shell, in whose hollow-wreath'd chamber,
We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie darkling,
And plant all the rosiest stems at thy head;
We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian are sparkling,
And gather their gold to strew over thy bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet fountain
Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the brave,
They'll weep for the Chieftain who died on that mountain,
They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps in this wave.

NOURMAHAL.

THE BEAUTY OF EXPRESSION.

THERE'S a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long sunny lapse of a summer day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
Till Love falls asleep in the sameness of splendour.
This was not the beauty,—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes,
Now melting in mist, and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of Heav'n in his dreams!
When pensive, it seem'd as if that very grace,
That charm of all others, was born with her face;
And when angry—for e'en in the tranquillest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
The short, passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flow'rs that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 'twas sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like the wild-bird in spring;
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as Peris just loos'd from their cages,
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over,—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun

WOLFE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
And we stedfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;

And we heard the distant and random gun
Of the enemy sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone
But we left him alone with his glory !

ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

Oh! my love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run.
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between light and tears,
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain;
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song that flows
To sober joys, and softer woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee,
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse, I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit;
Fair, gentle as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood;
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee,
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stay'd and woo'd, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon,
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at my feet
Five sons and one fair daughter sweet,
And time and care and birthtime woes
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose,

To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
Whate'er charms me in tale or song.
When words descend, like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought,
And Fancy in her heaven flies free,
They come, my love, they come from thee.

Oh, when more thought we gave, of old,
To silver, than some give to gold,
'T was sweet to sit and ponder o'er
How we should deck our humble bower;
'T was sweet to pull, in hope, with thee,
The golden fruit of Fortune's tree;
And sweeter still to choose and twine
A garland for that brow of thine:
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods grow green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,
When Fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And Hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like a rainbow through the shower.
Oh then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye,
And proud resolve and purpose meek
Speak of thee more than words can speak.
I think this wedded life of mine
The best of all things not divine.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,

Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

"Oh for a soft and gentle wind!"
  I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
  And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
  The good ship tight and free.—
The world of waters is our home,
  And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornèd moon,
  And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
  The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
  The lightning flashing free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
  Our heritage the sea.

SIDNEY WALKER.

TO A GIRL IN HER THIRTEENTH YEAR

Thy smiles, thy talk, thy aimless plays,
  So beautiful approve thee,
So winning light are all thy ways,
  I cannot choose but love thee.
Thy balmy breath upon my brow
  Is like the summer air,
As o'er my cheek thou leanest now,
  To plant a soft kiss there.

Thy steps are dancing toward the bound
  Between the child and woman,
And thoughts and feelings more profound,
  And other years are coming:
And thou shalt be more deeply fair,
  More precious to the heart,
But never canst thou be again
  That lovely thing thou art!

And youth shall pass, with all the brood
  Of fancy-fed affection;
And grief shall come with womanhood,
  And waken cold reflection.
Thou 'lt learn to toil, and watch, and weep
  O'er pleasures unreturning,
Like one who wakes from pleasant sleep
  Unto the cares of morning.

Nay, say not so! nor cloud the sun
  Of joyous expectation,
Ordain'd to bless the little one,
  The freshling of creation!

Nor doubt that He who thus doth feed
  Her early lamp with gladness,
Will be her present Help in need,
  Her Comforter in sadness.

Smile on, then, little winsome thing!
  All rich in Nature's treasure,
Thou hast within thy heart a spring
  Of self-renewing pleasure.
Smile on, fair child, and take thy fill
  Of mirth, till time shall end it;
'T is Nature's wise and gentle will—
  And who shall reprehend it?

HOGG.

THE RAPTURE OF KILMENY.

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hangs frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the green-wood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet, or Kilmeny come hame!

When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the bedesman had pray'd, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin' when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain,
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle low'd with an eiry leme,

Late, late in the gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
"Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang ha'e we sought baith holt and den;
By linn, by ford, by green-wood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen?
That bonny snood o' the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?"
Kilmeny look'd up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her e'e,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;
But it seem'd as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven play'd round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night;
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.
In yon green-wood there is a waik,
And in that waik there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike,
That neither has flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon green-wood he walks his lane.

In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happ'd wi' the flowerets gay;

But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor open'd her e'e,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye.
She 'waken'd on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had travelled mortal life;
And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer,
"What spirit has brought this mortal here?"—
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, "Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!

"Oh, would the fairest of mortal kind
Aye keep the holy truths in mind
That kindred spirits their motions see,
Who watch their ways with anxious e'e,
And grieve for the guilt of humanitye!
Oh, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer,
And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair!
And dear to Heaven the words of truth,
And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth!
And dear to the viewless forms of air,
The minds that kythe as the body fair!
O bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain,
If ever you seek the world again—
That world of sin, of sorrow, and fear
Oh, tell of the joys that are waiting here;
And tell of the signs you shall shortly see;
Of the times that are now, and the times that shall be."

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walk'd in the light of a sunless day:
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,

The fountain of vision, and fountain of light ;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade :
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wander'd by.
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where ; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn,

"Oh! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrow'd gleid of the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!"

Then Kilmeny begg'd again to see
The friends she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen;
To warn the living maidens fair,
The loved of Heaven, the spirits' care,
That all whose minds unmeled remain
Shall bloom in beauty when time is gane.

With distant music, soft and deep,
They lull'd Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the green-wood wene.
When seven long years were come and fled;
When grief was calm, and hope was dead;
When scarce was remember'd Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin' Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her e'e!
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een

In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower,
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.

But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men ;
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers, and drink the spring.
But wherever her peaceful form appear'd,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheer'd ;

The wolf play'd blithely round the field,
The lordly bison low'd and kneel'd ;
The dun deer woo'd with manner bland,
And cower'd aneath her lily hand.
And when at even the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion !
The wild beasts of the forest came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed ;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmur'd, and look'd with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock ;
The corby left her houf in the rock ;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew ;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran ;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young ;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurl'd ;—
It was like an eve in a sinless world !

When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene ;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But O, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth !
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or dead ;
It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain ;
She left this world of sorrow and pain,
And return'd to the Land of Thought again.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

There was music on the midnight:
From a royal fane it roll'd;

And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death!

There was hurrying through the midnight,
A sound of many feet;
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter grew their tread,
As it near'd the minster gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom;
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold,
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
'Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewell'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stonelike was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,

When the burning gold of the diadem
  Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
  And from the encircling band
Stepp'd prince and chief, 'midst the hush profound,
  With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
  Over each martial frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
  Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
  Did not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
  Sit on the pale, still face?

Death! death! canst *thou* be lovely
  Unto the eye of life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
  With thy cold mien at strife?—
It was a strange and fearful sight,
  The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
  All gather'd round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
  One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress'd,
  Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
  Watching the homage done
By the land's flower and chivalry
  To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he looked not,
  Which once his star had been;

To every form his glance was turn'd,
  Save of the breathless queen:
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,
  Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,
  It was not for *him* to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
  The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
  Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed:—bear back the dead
  Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
  Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—
  A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
  In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
  And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
  With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
  King Pedro led the train;
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
  When they lower'd the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last the tomb above—
  Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as Death, O Love?
  Mightier thou wast and art.

THE MESSAGE TO THE DEAD.

Thou 'rt passing hence, my brother!
O my earliest friend, farewell!
Thou 'rt leaving me, without thy voice,
In a lonely home to dwell;
And from the hills, and from the hearth,
And from the household tree,
With thee departs the lingering mirth,
The brightness goes with thee.

But thou, my friend, my brother!
Thou 'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tone of parting words
Shall smite the soul no more!
And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main:
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

Tell, then, our friend of boyhood
That yet his name is heard
On the blue mountains, whence his youth
Pass'd like a swift, bright bird.
The light of his exulting brow,
The vision of his glee,
Are on me still—Oh! still I trust
That smile again to see.

And tell our fair young sister,
The rose cut down in spring,
That yet my gushing soul is fill'd
With lays she lov'd to sing.

Her soft deep eyes look through my dreams,
  Tender and sadly sweet;—
Tell her my heart within me burns
  Once more that gaze to meet.

And tell our white-hair'd father,
  That in the paths he trod,
The child he lov'd, the last on earth,
  Yet walks and worships God.
Say, that his last fond blessing yet
  Rests on my soul like dew,
And by its hallowing might I trust
  Once more his face to view.

And tell our gentle mother,
  That on her grave I pour
The sorrows of my spirit forth,
  As on her breast of yore.
Happy thou art that soon, how soon,
  Our good and bright will see!
O brother, brother! may I dwell,
  Erelong, with them and thee!

THE RETURN.

"Hast thou come with the heart of thy childhood back?
  The free, the pure, the kind?"
—So murmur'd the trees in my homeward track,
  As they play'd to the mountain-wind.

"Hath thy soul been true to its early love?"
  Whisper'd my native streams;

"Hath the spirit, nursed amidst hill and grove,
Still revered its first high dreams?"

"Hast thou borne in thy bosom the holy prayer
Of the child in his parent-halls?"
Thus breath'd a voice on the thrilling air,
From the old ancestral walls.

"Hast thou kept thy faith with the faithful dead,
Whose place of rest is nigh?
With the father's blessing o'er thee shed,
With the mother's trusting eye?"

Then my tears gush'd forth in sudden rain,
As I answer'd—"O ye shades!
I bring not my childhood's heart again
To the freedom of your glades.

"I have turn'd from my first pure love aside,
O bright and happy streams!
Light after light, in my soul have died
The day-spring's glorious dreams.

"And the holy prayer from my thoughts hath pass'd—
The prayer at my mother's knee;
Darken'd and troubled I come at last,
Home of my boyish glee!

"But I bear from my childhood a gift of tears,
To soften and atone;
And oh! ye scenes of those bless'd years,
They shall make me again your own."

MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

RIENZI AND HIS DAUGHTER.

Rienzi. Claudia—nay, start not! Thou art sad; to-day
I found thee sitting idly, 'midst thy maids,
A pretty, laughing, restless band, who plied
Quick tongue and nimble finger, mute and pale
As marble; those unseeing eyes were fix'd
On vacant air; and that fair brow was bent
As sternly, as if the rude stranger, Thought—
Age-giving, mirth-destroying, pitiless Thought—
Had knock'd at thy young giddy brain.
Claudia. Nay, father,
Mock not thine own poor Claudia.
Rien. Claudia used
To bear a merry heart, with that clear voice,
Prattling; and that light busy foot astir
In her small housewifery, the blithest bee
That ever wrought in hive.
Cla. Oh! mine old home!
Rien. What ails thee, lady-bird?
Cla. Mine own dear home!
Father, I love not this new state; these halls,
Where comfort dies in vastness; these trim maids,
Whose service wearies me. Oh! mine old home!
My quiet, pleasant chamber, with the myrtle
Woven round the casement; and the cedar by,
Shading the sun; my garden overgrown
With flowers and herbs, thick-set as grass in fields;

My pretty snow-white doves; my kindest nurse;
And old Camillo. Oh! mine own dear home!
Rien. Why, simple child, thou hast thine old, fond nurse,
And good Camillo, and shalt have thy doves,
Thy myrtle flowers, and cedars; a whole province

Laid in a garden, an' thou wilt. My Claudia,
Hast thou not learnt thy power? Ask Orient gems,
Diamonds and sapphires, in rich caskets, wrought
By cunning goldsmiths; sigh for rarest birds
Of farthest Ind, like winged flowers, to flit
Around thy stately bower; and, at a wish,
The precious toys shall wait thee. Old Camillo!
Thou shalt have nobler servants, emperors, kings,
Electors, princes! not a bachelor
In Christendom but would right proudly kneel
To my fair daughter.

Cla. Oh! mine own dear home!

Rien. Wilt have a list to choose from?
Listen, sweet!
If the tall cedar, and the branchy myrtle,
And the white doves, were tell-tales, I would ask them
Whose was the shadow on the sunny wall?
And if, at eventide, they heard not oft
A tuneful mandoline, and then a voice,
Clear in its manly depth, whose tide of song
O'erwhelm'd the quivering instruments; and then
A world of whispers, mix'd with low response,
Sweet, short, and broken, as divided strains
Of nightingales.

Cla. Oh, father! father!

Rien. Well!
Dost love him, Claudia?

Cla. Father!

Rien. Dost thou love
Young Angelo? Yes? Saidst thou yes? That heart.
That throbbing heart of thine, keeps such a coil,
I cannot hear thy words. He is return'd
To Rome; he left thee on mine errand, dear one.
And now—Is there no casement myrtle-wreath'd,
No cedar in our courts, to shade to-night
The lover's song?

Cla. Oh, father! father!

Rien. Now,
Back to thy maidens, with a lighten'd heart,
Mine own beloved child. Thou shalt be first
In Rome, as thou art fairest; never princess
Brought to the proud Colonna such a dower
As thou. Young Angelo hath chosen his mate
From out an eagle's nest.

Cla. Alas! alas!
I tremble at the height. Whene'er I think
Of the hot barons, of the fickle people,
And the inconstancy of power, I tremble
For thee, dear father.

Rien. Tremble! let them tremble:
I am their master, Claudia! whom they scorn'd,
Endured, protected.—Sweet, go dream of love!
I am their master, Claudia!

SONG.

Hail to the gentle bride! the dove
  High nested in the column's crest!
Oh, welcome as the bird of love,
  Who bore the olive-sign of rest!

Hail to the gentle bride! the flower
  Whose garlands round the column twine!
Oh, fairer than the citron bower,
  More fragrant than the blossom'd vine!

Hail to the gentle bride! the star
  Whose radiance o'er the column beams!
Oh, soft as moonlight seen afar—
  A silver shine on trembling streams!

HEBER.

THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

With heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'T was silence all, the sparkling sands along;
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper, or the camel's bell.—
'T was silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noontide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.—
For, not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's gods.
Oh, helpless gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—

Oh, helpless gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud, which all the day
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—But, ere the day was done,
Tall waving banners streak'd the level sun;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—
"Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum,
And female voices shriek, "They come! they come!"
They come, they come, in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
And fancy's keener glance e'en now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush, they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek:
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold,
Saw ye how swift the scythed chariots roll'd?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,

Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And, still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory!—
Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!—
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bath'd a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads.—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand and coral hills below.
With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt, are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head:
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.
Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them or cheerless came the night.

Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave,
On the long mirror of the rosy wave:
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain:
Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed:
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand:—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast;
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by th' avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below;
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war:
Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose harden'd heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,

The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
Till, kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound:
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt suppress,
The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"
And every pause between as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd."

SOUTHEY.

THE VISIT OF MADOC.—A SCENE AMONG THE WELSH HILLS.

Now hath Prince Madoc left the holy Isle,
And homeward to Aberfraw, through the wilds
Of Arvon, bent his course. A little way

He turn'd aside, by natural impulses
Moved, to behold Cadwallon's lonely hut.
That lonely dwelling stood among the hills
By a grey mountain-stream; just elevate
Above the winter torrents did it stand,
Upon a craggy bank; an orchard slope
Arose behind, and joyous was the scene
In early summer, when those antic trees
Shone with their blushing blossoms, and the flax
Twinkled beneath the breeze its liveliest green.
But save the flax-field and that orchard slope,
All else was desolate, and now it wore
One sober hue; the narrow vale, which wound
Among the hills, was grey with rocks, that peer'd
Above its shallow soil; the mountain side
Was loose with stones bestrewn, which oftentimes
Clatter'd adown the steep, beneath the foot
Of straggling goat dislodged; or lower'd with crags,
One day, when winter's work hath loosen'd them,
To thunder down. All things assorted well
With that grey mountain hue; the low stone lines,
Which scarcely seem'd to be the work of man,
The dwelling rudely rear'd with stones unhewn,
The stubble flax, the crooked apple-trees,
Grey with their fleecy moss and mistletoe,
The white-bark'd birch, now leafless, and the ash
Whose knotted roots were like the drifted rock
Through which they forced their way. Adown the vale,
Broken by stones, and o'er a stony bed,
Roll'd the loud mountain-stream—

When Madoc came,
A little child was sporting by the brook,
Floating the fallen leaves, that he might see them
Whirl in the eddy now, and now be driven
Down the descent, now on the smoother stream

Sail onward far away. But when he heard
The horse's tramp, he raised his head and watch'd
The Prince, who now dismounted and drew nigh.
The little boy still fix'd his eyes on him,
His bright blue eyes; the wind just moved the curls
That cluster'd round his brow; and so he stood,
His rosy cheeks still lifted up to gaze
In innocent wonder. Madoc took his hand,
And now had ask'd his name, and if he dwelt
There in the hut; when from that cottage-door
A woman came, who, seeing Madoc, stopt
With such a fear—for she had cause to fear—
As when a bird, returning to her nest,
Turns to a tree beside, if she behold
Some prying boy too near the dear retreat.
Howbeit, advancing, soon she now approach'd
The approaching Prince, and timidly inquired
If on his wayfare he had lost the track,
That thither he had stray'd. "Not so," replied
The gentle Prince; "but having known this place,
And its old inhabitants, I came once more
To see the lonely hut among the hills."

THE WORLD OF WOE.

Whoe'er hath loved with venturous step to tread
The chambers dread
Of some deep cave, and seen his taper's beam
Lost in the arch of darkness overhead,
And mark'd its gleam
Playing afar upon the sunless stream,
Where from their secret bed,
And course unknown, and inaccessible,
The silent waters well;

Whoe'er hath trod such caves of endless night,
He knows, when measuring back the gloomy way,
With what delight refresh'd his eye
Perceives the shadow of the light of day,
Through the far portal slanting, where it falls
Dimly reflected on the watery walls:
How heavenly seems the sky;
And how, with quicken'd feet, he hastens up,
Eager again to greet
The living world and blessed sunshine there,
And drink, as from a cup
Of joy, with thirsty lips, the open air.

Far other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They too in darkness enter'd on their way;
But far before the car,
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Fill'd all before them. 'Twas a light which made
Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort, and the sight, dismay'd,
Shrunk inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock,
Which girt the World of Woe; on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arch'd the long passage; onward as they ride,
With stronger glare the light around them spread;
And lo! the regions dread,
The World of Woe before them, opening wide.

There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around.
A sea of flame it seem'd to be,
Sea without bound;
For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensest light.

THALABA IN THE TENT OF MOATH.

It was the wisdom and the will of Heaven,
That in a lonely tent had cast
The lot of Thalaba;
There might his soul develop best
Its strengthening energies;
There might he from the world

Keep his heart pure and uncontaminate,
Till at the written hour he should be found
Fit servant of the Lord, without a spot.

Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled
In that beloved solitude!
Is the morn fair, and doth the freshening breeze
Flow with cool current o'er his cheek?
Lo! underneath the broad-leaved sycamore,
With lids half-closed, he lies,
Dreaming of days to come.
His dog beside him, in mute blandishment,
Now licks his listless hand;
Now lifts an anxious and expectant eye,
Courting the wonted caress.

Or comes the Father of the Rains
From his caves in the uttermost West,
Comes he in darkness and storms?
When the blast is loud;
When the waters fill
The traveller's tread in the sands;
When the pouring shower
Streams adown the roof;
When the door-curtain hangs in heavier folds;
When the out-strain'd tent flags loosely:
Within there is the embers' cheerful glow,
The sound of the familiar voice,
The song that lightens toil,—
Domestic Peace and Comfort are within.
Under the common shelter, on dry sand,
The quiet camels ruminate their food;
The lengthening cord from Moath falls,
As patiently the old man
Entwines the strong palm-fibres; by the hearth
The damsel shakes the coffee-grains,

That with warm fragrance fill the tent;
And while, with dexterous fingers, Thalaba
Shapes the green basket, haply at his feet
Her favourite kidling gnaws the twig,
Forgiven plunderer, for Oneiza's sake.

Or when the winter torrent rolls
Down the deep-channell'd rain-course, foamingly,
Dark with its mountain spoils,
With bare feet pressing the wet sand,
There wanders Thalaba,
The rushing flow, the flowing roar,
Filling his yielded faculties,
A vague, a dizzy, a tumultuous joy.

Or lingers it a vernal brook
Gleaming o'er yellow sands?
Beneath the lofty bank reclined,
With idle eye he views its little waves,
Quietly listening to the quiet flow;
While in the breathings of the stirring gale,
The tall canes bend above,
Floating like streamers in the wind
Their lank uplifted leaves.

Nor rich, nor poor, was Moath; God hath given
Enough, and blest him with a mind content.
No hoarded gold disquieted his dreams;
But ever round his station he beheld
Camels that knew his voice,
And home-birds, grouping at Oneiza's call,
And goats that, morn and eve,
Came with full udders to the damsel's hand.
Dear child! the tent beneath whose shade they dwelt
It was her work; and she had twined
His girdle's many hues;
And he had seen his robe

Grow in Oneiza's loom.
How often, with a memory-mingled joy
Which made her mother live before his sight,
He watch'd her nimble fingers thread the woof!
Or at the hand-mill, when she knelt and toil'd,
Toss'd the thin cake on spreading palm,
Or fix'd it on the glowing oven's side
With bare wet arm, and safe dexterity.

'Tis the cool evening hour:
The tamarind from the dew
Sheathes its young fruit, yet green.
Before their tent the mat is spread;
The old man's solemn voice
Intones the holy book.
What if beneath no lamp-illumined dome,
Its marble walls bedeck'd with flourish'd truth,
Azure and gold adornment? Sinks the word
With deeper influence from the Iman's voice
Where in the day of congregation crowds
Perform the duty-task?
Their Father is their Priest,
The Stars of Heaven their point of prayer,
And the blue Firmament
The glorious Temple, where they feel
The present Deity.

Yet through the purple glow of eve
Shines dimly the white moon.
The slacken'd bow, the quiver, the long lance,
Rest on the pillar of the tent.
Knitting light palm-leaves for her brother's brow
The dark-eyed damsel sits;
The old man tranquilly
Up his curl'd pipe inhales
The tranquillising herb.
So listen they the reed of Thalaba,

While his skill'd fingers modulate
The low, sweet, soothing, melancholy tones.

Or if he strung the pearls of poesy,
Singing with agitated face
And eloquent arms, and sobs that reach the heart,
A tale of love and woe;
Then, if the brightening moon that lit his face,
In darkness favour'd hers,
Oh! even with such a look, as fables say,
The Mother Ostrich fixes on her egg,
Till that intense affection
Kindle its light of life,
Even in such deep and breathless tenderness
Oneiza's soul is centred on the youth,
So motionless, with such an ardent gaze,
Save when from her full eyes
She wipes away the swelling tears
That dim his image there.

She call'd him Brother; was it sister-love
For which the silver rings,
Round her smooth ankles and her tawny arms,
Shone daily brighten'd? for a brother's eye
Were her long fingers tinged,
As when she trimm'd the lamp,
And through the veins and delicate skin
The light shone rosy? that the darken'd lids
Gave yet a softer lustre to her eye?
That with such pride she trick'd
Her glossy tresses, and on holy-day
Wreath'd the red flower-crown round
Their waves of glossy jet?
How happily the days
Of Thalaba went by!
Years of his youth, how rapidly ye fled!

SUNLIGHT ON THE OCEAN.

To Bardsey was the Lord of Ocean bound;
Bardsey, the holy Islet, in whose soil
Did many a Chief and many a Saint repose,
His great progenitors. He mounts the skiff;
The canvas swells before the breeze, the sea
Sings round her sparkling keel, and soon the Lord
Of Ocean treads the venerable shore.
There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed sun alone
In unapproachable divinity
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light.
How beautiful beneath the bright blue sky
The billows heave! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory. All the flocks
Of Ocean are abroad; like floating foam
The sea-gulls rise and fall upon the waves;
With long protruded neck the cormorants
Wing their far flight aloft, and round and round
The plovers wheel, and give their note of joy.
It was a day that sent into the heart
A summer feeling; even the insect swarms
From their dark nooks and coverts issued forth,
To sport through one day of existence more;
The solitary primrose on the bank
Seem'd now as though it had no cause to mourn
Its bleak autumnal birth; the rocks and shores,
The forest and the everlasting hills,
Smiled in that joyful sunshine, . . . they partook
The universal blessing.

LEYDEN.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

How sweet thy modest light to view,
Fair Star, to love and lovers dear!

While trembling on the falling dew,
  Like beauty shining through a tear.

Or, hanging o'er that mirror-stream,
  To mark that image trembling there,
Thou seem'st to smile with softer gleam,
  To see thy lovely face so fair.

Though, blazing on the arch of night,
  The moon thy timid beams outshine
As far as thine each starry light;—
  Her rays can never vie with thine.

Thine are the soft enchanting hours
  When twilight lingers on the plain,
And whispers to the closing flowers,
  That soon the sun will rise again.

Thine is the breeze that, murmuring bland
  As music, wafts the lover's sigh,
And bids the yielding heart expand
  In love's delicious ecstasy.

Fair Star! though I be doom'd to prove
  That rapture's tears are mix'd with pain,
Ah! still I feel 'tis sweet to love!
  But sweeter to be lov'd again!

TO AN INDIAN GOLD COIN.

Slave of the dark and dirty mine!
What vanity has brought thee here?
How can I love to see thee shine
So bright, whom I have bought so dear?—
The tent-ropes flapping lone I hear
For twilight converse, arm in arm;
The jackal's shriek bursts on mine ear
When mirth and music wont to charm.

By Chéricál's dark wandering streams,
Where cane-tufts shadow all the wild,
Sweet visions haunt my waking dreams
Of Teviot lov'd, chill, still, and mild,
Of castled rocks stupendous pil'd
By Esk or Eden's classic wave,
Where loves of youth and friendship smil'd,
Uncurs'd by thee, vile yellow slave!

Fade, day-dreams sweet, from memory fade!
The perish'd bliss of youth's first prime,
That once so bright on fancy play'd,
Revives no more in after time.
Far from my sacred natal clime,
I haste to an untimely grave;
The daring thoughts that soar'd sublime
Are sunk in ocean's southern wave.

Slave of the mine! thy yellow light
Gleams baleful on the tomb-fire drear—
A gentle vision comes by night
My lonely widow'd heart to cheer;

Her eyes are dim with many a tear,
That once were guiding stars to mine:
Her fond heart throbs with many a fear!—
I cannot bear to see thee shine.

For thee, for thee, vile yellow slave,
I left a heart that lov'd me true!
I cross'd the tedious ocean-wave,
To roam in climes unkind and new:
The cold wind of the stranger blew
Chill on my wither'd heart:—the grave
Dark and untimely met my view—
And all for thee, vile yellow slave!

Ha! com'st thou now so late to mock
A wanderer's banish'd heart forlorn,
Now that his frame the lightning shock
Of sun-rays tipt with death has borne?
From love, from friendship, country, torn,
To memory's fond regrets the prey,
Vile slave, thy yellow dress I scorn!
Go mix thee with thy kindred clay!

BERNARD BARTON.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

Fair flower, that shunn'st the glare of day,
  Yet lov'st to open, meekly bold,
To evening's hues of silver grey
  Thy cup of paly gold;—

Be thine the offering, owing long
  To thee, and to this pensive hour,
Of one brief tributary song,
  Though transient as thy flower.

TO THE EVENING PRIMROSE.

I love to watch at silent eve
  Thy scatter'd blossoms' lonely light,
And have my inmost heart receive
  The influence of that sight.

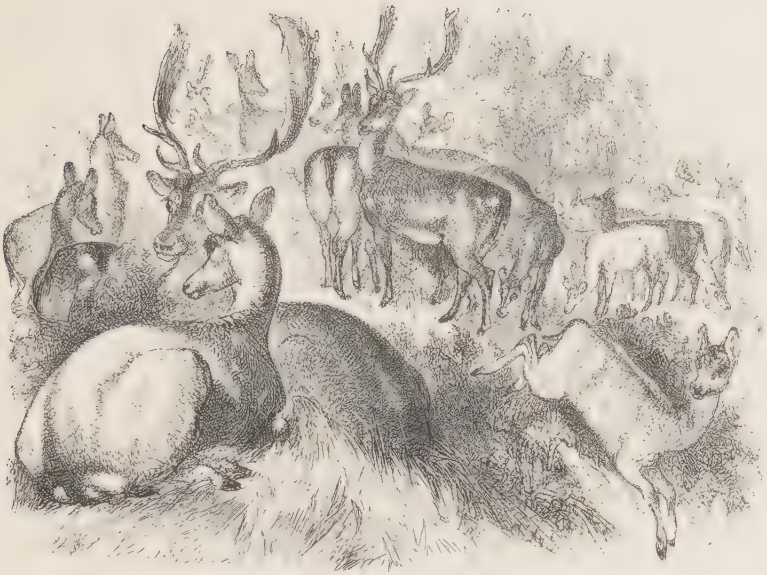
I love at such an hour to mark
  Their beauty greet the night-breeze chill,
And shine, 'mid shadows gathering dark,
  The garden's glory still.

For such 't is sweet to think the while,
  When cares and griefs the breast invade,
Is friendship's animating smile
  In sorrow's dark'ning shade.

Thus it bursts forth, like thy pale cup—
  Glist'ning amid its dewy tears,
And bears the sinking spirit up
  Amid its chilling fears—

But still more animating far,
  If meek Religion's eye may trace
Even in thy glimm'ring, earth-born star,
  The holier hope of Grace.

The hope, that as thy beauteous bloom
  Expands to glad the close of day,
So through the shadows of the tomb
  May break forth Mercy's ray.



SOTHEBY.

RHINEFIELD,—A LODGE IN THE NEW FOREST.

RHINEFIELD! as through thy solitude I rove,
Now lost amid the deep wood's gloomy night,
Doubtful I trace a ray of glimmering light;
Now where some antique oak, itself a grove,
Spreads its soft umbrage o'er the sunny glade,
Stretched on its mossy roots at early dawn
While o'er the furze with light bound leaps the fawn,
I count the herd that crops the dewy blade:
Frequent at eve list to the hum profound
That all around upon the chill breeze floats,
Broke by the lonely keeper's wild, strange notes,
At distance followed by the browsing deer;
Or the bewilder'd stranger's plaintive sound
That dies in lessening murmurs on the ear.

SKIRID,

A HILL NEAR ABERGAVENNY.

SKIRID! remembrance thy loved scene renews;
Fancy, yet lingering on thy shaggy brow,
Beholds around the lengthened landscape glow,
Which charmed, when late the day-beam's parting hues
Purpled the distant cliff. The crystal stream
Of Usk bright winds the verdant meads among;
The dark heights lower with wild woods o'erhung;
Pale on the grey tower falls the twilight gleam.
And frequent I recal the sudden breeze,
Which, as the sun shot up his last pale flame,
Shook every light leaf shivering on the trees:
Then, bathed in dew, meek evening silent came,
While the low wind, that faint and fainter fell,
Soft murmured to the dying day—FAREWELL!

ON CROSSING THE ANGLESEY STRAIT TO BANGOR AT MIDNIGHT.

'T WAS night, when from the Druid's gloomy cave,
Where I had wander'd, tranced in thought, alone
'Mid Cromlech's and the Carnedd's funeral stone,
Pensive and slow I sought the Menai's wave:
Lulled by the scene, a soothing stillness laid
Each pang to rest. O'er Snowdon's cloudless brow
The moon, that full orb'd rose, with peaceful glow
Beamed on the rocks; with many a star arrayed,
Glitter'd the broad blue sky; from shore to shore
O'er the smooth current stream'd a silver light,
Save where along the flood the lonely height
Of rocky Penmaenmaur deep darkness spread;
And all was silence, save the ceaseless roar
Of Conway bursting on the ocean's bed.

PRAED.

CHILDHOOD AND HIS VISITORS.

Once on a time, when sunny May
  Was kissing up the April showers,
I saw fair Childhood hard at play
  Upon a bank of blushing flowers;
Happy,—he knew not whence or how;
  And smiling,—who could choose but love him?
For not more glad than Childhood's brow,
  Was the blue heaven that beamed above him.

Old Time, in most appalling wrath,
  That valley's green repose invaded;
The brooks grew dry upon his path,
  The birds were mute, the lilies faded;
But Time so swiftly winged his flight,
  In haste a Grecian tomb to batter,
That Childhood watched his paper kite,
  And knew just nothing of the matter.

With curling lip and glancing eye,
  Guilt gazed upon the scene a minute,
But Childhood's glance of purity
  Had such a holy spell within it,
That the dark demon to the air
  Spread forth again his baffled pinion,
And hid his envy and despair,
  Self-tortured, in his own dominion.

Then stepped a gloomy phantom up,
  Pale, cypress-crowned, Night's awful daughter,
And proffered him a fearful cup,
  Full to the brim of bitter water:
Poor CHILDHOOD bade her tell her name,
  And when the beldame muttered "SORROW,"
He said,—"Don't interrupt my game;
  I'll taste it, if I must, to-morrow."

The MUSE of Pindus thither came,
  And wooed him with the softest numbers
That ever scattered wealth and fame
  Upon a youthful poet's slumbers;
Though sweet the music of the lay,
  To CHILDHOOD it was all a riddle,
And "Oh," he cried, "do send away
  That noisy woman with the fiddle."

Then WISDOM stole his bat and ball,
  And taught him with most sage endeavour,
Why bubbles rise, and acorns fall,
  And why no toy may last for ever:
She talked of all the wondrous laws
  Which NATURE's open book discloses,
And CHILDHOOD, ere she made a pause,
  Was fast asleep among the roses.

Sleep on, sleep on!—Oh! MANHOOD's dreams
  Are all of earthly pain, or pleasure,
Of GLORY's toils, AMBITION's schemes,
  Of cherished love, or hoarded treasure:
But to the couch where CHILDHOOD lies
  A more delicious trance is given,
Lit up by rays from Seraph-eyes,
  And glimpses of remembered heaven!

THE VICAR.

Some years ago, ere Time and Taste
  Had turn'd our Parish topsy-turvy,
When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,
  And roads as little known as scurvy,
The man, who lost his way between
  St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,
Was always shown across the Green,
  And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;
Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirtle,
Led the lorn traveller up the path,
Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrtle ;
And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,
Upon the parlour steps collected,
Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say,
"Our master knows you ; you're expected."

Up rose the Reverend Doctor Brown,
Up rose the Doctor's "winsome marrow,"
The lady laid her knitting down,
Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow :
Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,
He found a stable for his steed,
And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,
And warmed himself in court or college,
He had not gained an honest friend,
And twenty curious scraps of knowledge ;—
If he departed as he came,
With no new light on love or liquor,—
Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,
And not the Vicarage, or the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream which runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses ;
It slipped from politics to puns ;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses :
Beginning with the laws which keep
The planets in their radiant courses,
And ending with some precept deep
For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound divine,
  Of loud Dissent the mortal terror;
And when, by dint of page and line,
  He 'stablished Truth, or started Error,
The Baptist found him far too deep;
  The Deist sighed with saving sorrow;
And the lean Levite went to sleep,
  And dreamed of tasting pork to-morrow.

His sermon never said nor show'd
  That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,
Without refreshment on the road
  From Jerome, or from Athanasius;
And sure a righteous zeal inspired
  The hand and heart that penn'd and plann'd them,
For all who understood admired,
  And some who did not understand them.

And he was kind, and loved to sit
  In the low hut or garnished cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
  And share the widow's homelier pottage;
At his approach complaint grew mild,
  And when his hand unbarred the shutter,
The clammy lips of Fever smiled
  The welcome, which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me
  Of Julius Cæsar, or of Venus:
From him I learned the Rule of Three,
  Cat's-cradle, leap-frog, and Quæ genus;
I used to singe his powder'd wig,
  To steal the staff he put such trust in;
And make the puppy dance a jig,
  When he began to quote Augustin.

Alack the change! in vain I look
  For haunts in which my boyhood trifled.—
The level lawn, the trickling brook,
  The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled:
The church is larger than before;
  You reach it by a carriage entry;
It holds three hundred people more;
  And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat: you'll hear
  The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,
Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,
  Whose style is very Ciceronian.
Where is the old man laid? Look down.
  And construe on the slab before you,
"Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,
  Vir nulla non donandus lauro."

A CHARADE.

(THE WORD IS "CAMPBELL," THE POET.)

Come from my First, ay, come!
  The battle-dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
  Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy fathers fought,
  Fall as thy fathers fell!
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;—
  So—forward! and farewell!

Toll ye, my Second! toll!
  Fling high the flambeaux' light;
And sing the hymn for a parted soul,
  Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his head,
  The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:—
  So—take him to his rest!

Call ye, my Whole, ay, call!
  The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
  With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
  No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame,
  On the turf of a soldier's grave.

HOOD.

THE ELM TREE.—A DREAM IN THE WOODS.

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees!"—*As you Like it.*

Part I.

'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound—
And from a Tree
There came to me
A sad and solemn sound,
That ometimes murmur'd overhead,
And sometimes underground.

Amongst the leaves it seem'd to sigh,
Amid the boughs to moan;
It mutter'd in the stem, and then
The roots took up the tone;
As if beneath the dewy grass
The dead began to groan.

No breeze there was to stir the leaves;
No bolts that tempests launch,
To rend the trunk or rugged bark;
No gale to bend the branch;
No quake of earth to heave the roots,
That stood so stiff and staunch.

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,

And sometimes underground—
'Twas in a shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

From poplar, pine, and drooping birch,
And fragrant linden trees;
No living sound
E'er hovers round,
Unless the vagrant breeze,
The music of the merry bird,
Or hum of busy bees.

But busy bees forsake the Elm
That bears no bloom aloft—
The finch was in the hawthorn-bush,
The blackbird in the croft;
And among the firs the brooding dove,
That else might murmur soft.

Yet still I heard that solemn sound,
And sad it was to boot,
From ev'ry overhanging bough,
And each minuter shoot;
From rugged trunk and mossy rind,
And from the twisted root.

From these,—a melancholy moan;
From those,—a dreary sigh;
As if the boughs were wintry bare,
And wild winds sweeping by,—
Whereas the smallest fleecy cloud
Was steadfast in the sky.

No sign or touch of stirring air
Could either sense observe—
The zephyr had not breath enough

The thistle-down to swerve,
Or force the filmy gossamers
To take another curve.

In still and silent slumber hush'd
All Nature seem'd to be:
From heaven above, or earth beneath,
No whisper came to me—
Except the solemn sound and sad
From that MYSTERIOUS TREE!

A hollow, hollow, hollow sound,
As is that dreamy roar
When distant billows boil and bound
Along a shingly shore—
But the ocean brim was far aloof,
A hundred miles or more.

No murmur of the gusty sea,
No tumult of the beach,
However they may foam and fret,
The bounded sense could reach—
Methought the trees in mystic tongue
Were talking each to each!—

Mayhap, rehearsing ancient tales
Of greenwood love or guilt,
Of whisper'd vows
Beneath their boughs;
Or blood obscurely spilt;
Or of that near-hand Mansion House
A royal Tudor built.

With wary eyes and ears alert,
As one who walks afraid,
I wander'd down the dappled path

Of mingled light and shade—
How sweetly gleam'd that arch of blue
Beyond the green arcade!

How cheerly shone the glimpse of Heav'n
Beyond that verdant aisle!
All overarch'd with lofty elms,
That quench'd the light, the while,
As dim and chill
As serves to fill
Some old Cathedral pile!

And many a gnarlèd trunk was there,
That ages long had stood,
Till Time had wrought them into shapes
Like Pan's fantastic brood;
Or still more foul and hideous forms
That Pagans carve in wood!

A crouching Satyr lurking here,
And there a Goblin grim—
As staring full of demon life
As Gothic sculptor's whim;
A marvel it had scarcely been
To hear a voice from him!

Some whisper from that horrid mouth,
Of strange, unearthly tone;
Or wild infernal laugh, to chill
One's marrow in the bone.
But no—it grins like rigid Death,
And silent as a stone!

As silent as its fellows be,
For all is mute with them,—
The branch that climbs the leafy roof—

The rough and mossy stem—
The crooked root—
And tender shoot
Where hangs the dewy gem.

One mystic Tree alone there is,
Of sad and solemn sound—
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
In all that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound.

Part II.

The Scene is changed! No green Arcade,
No trees all ranged a-row—
But scatter'd like a beaten host,
Dispersing to and fro;
With here and there a sylvan corse,
That fell before the foe.

The Foe that down in yonder dell
Pursues his daily toil;
As witness many a prostrate trunk,
Bereft of leafy spoil,
Hard by its wooden stump, whereon
The adder loves to coil.

Alone he works—his ringing blows
Have banish'd bird and beast;
The hind and fawn have canter'd off
A hundred yards at least;
And on the maple's lofty top,
The linnet's song has ceased.

No eye his labour overlooks,
  Or when he takes his rest;
Except the timid thrush that peeps
  Above her secret nest,
Forbid by love to leave the young
  Beneath her speckled breast.

The Woodman's heart is in his work,
  His axe is sharp and good:
With sturdy arm and steady aim
  He smites the gaping wood;
    From distant rocks
    His lusty knocks
  Re-echo many a rood.

Aloft, upon his poising steel
  The vivid sunbeams glance—
About his head and round his feet
  The forest shadows dance;
And bounding from his russet coat
  The acorn drops askance.

His face is like a Druid's face,
  With wrinkles furrow'd deep,
And, tann'd by scorching suns, as brown
  As corn that's ripe to reap;
But the hair on brow, and cheek, and chin,
  Is white as wool of sheep.

His frame is like a giant's frame;
  His legs are long and stark;
His arms like limbs of knotted yew;
  His hands like rugged bark;
    So he felleth still
    With right good will,
  As if to build an ark!

Oh! well to *him* the tree might breathe
A sad and solemn sound,
A sigh that murmur'd overhead,
And groans from underground;
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound!

But calm and mute the maple stands,
The plane, the ash, the fir,

The elm, the beech, the drooping birch,
  Without the least demur;
And e'en the aspen's hoary leaf
  Makes no unusual stir.

The pines—those old gigantic pines,
  That writhe—recalling soon
The famous human group that writhes
  With snakes in wild festoon—
In ramous wrestlings interlaced,
  A Forest Läocoon—

Like Titans of primeval girth
  By tortures overcome,
Their brown enormous limbs they twine,
  Bedew'd with tears of gum—
Fierce agonies that ought to yell,
  But, like the marble, dumb.

Nay, yonder blasted Elm that stands
  So like a man of sin,
Who, frantic, flings his arms abroad
  To feel the worm within—
For all that gesture, so intense,
  It makes no sort of din!

An universal silence reigns
  In rugged bark or peel,
Except that very trunk which rings
  Beneath the biting steel—
Meanwhile, the Woodman plies his axe
  With unrelenting zeal!

No rustic song is on his tongue,
  No whistle on his lips;
But with a quiet thoughtfulness

His trusty tool he grips,
And, stroke on stroke, keeps hacking out
The bright and flying chips.

Stroke after stroke, with frequent dint
He spreads the fatal gash;
Till, lo! the remnant fibres rend,
With harsh and sudden crash,
And on the dull resounding turf
The jarring branches lash!

Oh! now the Forest Trees may sigh,—
The ash, the poplar tall,
The elm, the birch, the drooping beech,
The aspens—one and all,
With solemn groan
And hollow moan,
Lament a comrade's fall!

A goodly Elm, of noble girth,
That thrice the human span—
While on their variegated course
The constant Seasons ran,
Through gale, and hail, and fiery bolt—
Had stood erect as Man.

But now, like mortal Man himself,
Struck down by hand of God,
Or heathen idol tumbled prone
Beneath th' Eternal's nod,
In all its giant bulk and length
It lies along the sod!—

The echo sleeps: the idle axe,
A disregarded tool,
Lies crushing with its passive weight

The toad's reputed stool;
The Woodman wipes his dewy brow
Within the shadows cool.

No zephyr stirs: the ear may catch
The smallest insect-hum;
But on the disappointed sense
No mystic whispers come;
No tone of sylvan sympathy—
The Forest Trees are dumb.

No leafy noise, nor inward voice,
No sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmurs overhead,
And sometimes underground—
As in that shady Avenue,
Where lofty Elms abound!

Part III.

The deed is done: the Tree is low
That stood so long and firm;
The Woodman and his axe are gone,
His toil has found its term;
And where he wrought the speckled thrush
Securely hunts the worm.

The cony from the sandy bank
Has run a rapid race,
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern,
To seek the open space;
And on its haunches sits erect
To clean its furry face.

The dappled fawn is close at hand,
  The hind is browsing near,—
And on the larch's lowest bough
  The ousel whistles clear;
    But checks the note
    Within its throat,
  As choked with sudden fear!

With sudden fear her wormy quest
  The thrush abruptly quits;
Through thistle, bent, and tangled fern
  The startled cony flits;
And on the larch's lowest bough
  No more the ousel sits.
    With sudden fear,
    The dappled deer
  Effect a swift escape;
But well might bolder creatures start
  And fly, or stand agape,
With rising hair, and curdled blood,
  To see so grim a Shape!

The very sky turns pale above,
  The earth grows dark beneath;
The human Terror thrills with cold,
  And draws a shorter breath—
An universal panic owns
  The dread approach of Death!

With silent pace, as shadows come,
  And dark as shadows be,
The grisly Phantom takes his stand
  Beside the fallen Tree,
And scans it with his gloomy eyes,
  And laughs with horrid glee—

A dreary laugh and desolate,
Where mirth is void and null,
As hollow as its echo sounds
Within the hollow skull:
"Whoever laid this Tree along,
His hatchet was not dull!

The human arm and human tool
Have done their duty well!
But after sound of ringing axe
Must sound the ringing knell;
When elm or oak
Have felt the stroke,
My turn it is to fell!

No passive unregarded tree,
A senseless thing of wood,
Wherein the sluggish sap ascends
To swell the vernal bud—
But conscious, moving, breathing trunks
That throb with living blood!

Ah! little recks the Royal mind,
Within his Banquet-Hall,
While tapers shine, and music breathes,
And Beauty leads the ball,—
He little recks the oaken plank
Shall be his palace wall!

Ah! little dreams the haughty Peer,
The while his falcon flies—
Or on the blood-bedabbled turf
The antler'd quarry dies
That in his own ancestral Park
The narrow dwelling lies!

But haughty Peer and mighty King
  One doom shall overwhelm!
    The oaken cell
    Shall lodge him well
  Whose sceptre ruled a realm—
While he who never knew a home
  Shall find it in the Elm!

The tall abounding Elm that grows
  In hedgerows up and down,
In field and forest, copse and park,
  And in the peopled town,
With colonies of noisy rooks
  That nestle on its crown.

And well th' abounding Elm may grow
  In field and hedge so rife,
In forest, copse, and wooded park,
  And 'mid the city's strife,—
For every hour that passes by
  Shall end a human life!"

The Phantom ends: the shade is gone;
  The sky is clear and bright;
On turf, and moss, and fallen Tree,
  There glows a ruddy light;
And bounding through the golden fern
  The rabbit comes to bite.

The thrush's mate beside her sits,
  And pipes a merry lay;
The dove is in the evergreens;
  And on the larch's spray
The fly-bird flutters up and down,
  To catch its tiny prey.

The gentle hind and dappled fawn
  Are coming up the glade ;
Each harmless furr'd and feather'd thing
  Is glad, and not afraid—
But on my sadden'd spirit still
  The Shadow leaves a shade :

A secret, vague, prophetic gloom,
  As though by certain mark
I knew the fore-appointed Tree,
  Within whose rugged bark
This warm and living frame shall find
  Its narrow house and dark.

That mystic Tree which breathed to me
  A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmur'd overhead,
  And sometimes underground—
Within that shady Avenue,
  Where lofty Elms abound.

PRINGLE.

AFAR IN THE DESERT.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side :
When the sorrows of life the soul o'ercast,
And, sick of the Present, I cling to the Past ;
When the eye is suffused with regretful tears,
From the fond recollections of former years ;

And shadows of things that have long since fled
Flit over the brain like the ghosts of the dead;
And my Native Land, whose magical name
Thrills to my heart like electric flame;
The home of my childhood; the haunts of my prime;
All the passions and scenes of that rapturous time,
When the feelings were young, and the world was new,
Like the fresh bowers of Eden unfolding to view;—
All—all now forsaken, forgotten, foregone!
And I, a lone exile, remembered of none;
My high aims abandoned, my good acts undone,
Aweary of all that is under the sun,—
With that sadness of heart which no stranger may scan,
I fly to the Desert, afar from man!

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side:
When the wild turmoil of this wearisome life,
With its scenes of oppression, corruption, and strife,—
The proud man's frown, and the base man's fear,
The scorner's laugh, and the sufferer's tear,—
And malice, and meanness, and falsehood, and folly,
Dispose me to musing and dark melancholy;
When my bosom is full, and my thoughts are high,
And my soul is sick with the bondman's sigh;
Oh! then there is freedom, and joy, and pride,
Afar in the Desert alone to ride!
There is rapture to vault on the champing steed,
And to bound away with the eagle's speed,
With the death-fraught firelock in my hand,—
The only law of the Desert Land.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away from the dwellings of men,
By the wild-deer's haunt, by the buffalo's glen;

By valleys remote, where the Oribi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartèbeest graze,
And the kùdù and eland unhunted recline
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine;
Where the elephant browses at peace in his wood,
And the river-horse gambols unscared in the flood,
And the mighty rhinoceros wallows at will
In the fen where the wild-ass is drinking his fill.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
O'er the brown Karroo, where the bleating cry
Of the springbok's fawn sounds plaintively;
And the timorous quagga's shrill whistling neigh
Is heard by the fountain at twilight grey;
Where the zebra wantonly tosses his mane,
With wild hoof scouring the desolate plain;
And the fleet-footed ostrich over the waste
Speeds like a horseman who travels in haste,
Hieing away to the home of her rest,
Where she and her mate have scoop'd their nest,
Far hid from the pitiless plunderer's view
In the pathless depths of the parch'd Karroo.

Afar in the Desert I love to ride,
With the silent Bush-boy alone by my side;
Away, away in the Wilderness vast
Where the White Man's foot hath never pass'd,
And the quiver'd Coránna or Bechuán
Hath rarely cross'd with his roving clan:
A region of emptiness, howling and drear,
Which man hath abandon'd from famine and fear;
Which the snake and the lizard inhabit alone,
With the twilight bat from the yawning stone;
Where grass, nor herb, nor shrub takes root,
Save poisonous thorns that pierce the foot;

And the bitter melon, for food and drink,
Is the pilgrim's fare by the salt lake's brink:
A region of drought, where no river glides,
Nor rippling brook with osiered sides;
Where sedgy pool, nor bubbling fount,
Nor tree, nor cloud, nor misty mount,
Appears, to refresh the aching eye;
But the barren earth and the burning sky,
And the blank horizon, round and round,
Spread—void of living sight or sound.

And here, while the night winds round me sigh,
And the stars burn bright in the midnight sky;
As I sit apart by the desert stone,
Like Elijah at Horeb's cave alone;
"A still small voice" comes through the wild
(Like a father consoling his fretful child),
Which banishes bitterness, wrath, and fear,
Saying—"Man is distant, but God is near!"

LANDOR.

THE WATER-NYMPH APPEARING TO THE SHEPHERD.

'Twas evening, though not sunset, and the tide,
Level with these green meadows, seem'd yet higher:

'Twas pleasant ; and I loosen'd from my neck
The pipe you gave me, and began to play.
Oh that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art !
It always brings us enemies or love.
Well, I was playing, when above the waves
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend ;
I, sitting still, survey'd it, with my pipe
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed,—
Gebir ! it was a Nymph ! a Nymph divine !
I cannot wait describing how she came,
How I was sitting, how she first assum'd
The sailor ; of what happen'd there remains
Enough to say, and too much to forget.
The sweet deceiver stept upon this bank
Before I was aware ; for with surprise
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsen'd reed,
I heard a rustling, and where that arose
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.
Her feet resembled those long shells explored
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.

Even her attire
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art ;
Her mantle show'd the yellow samphire-pod,
Her girdle the dove-colour'd wave serene.
"Shepherd," said she, "and will you wrestle now,
And with the sailor's hardier race engage ?"
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived
How to keep up contention ; could I fail,
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press ?
"Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,
I am not daunted ; no, I will engage !"
"But first," said she, "what wager will you lay ?"

"A sheep," I answered; "add whate'er you will."
"I cannot," she replied, "make that return;
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where when unyoked
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:
Shake one and it awakens; then apply
Its polisht lips to your attentive ear,
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.
And I have others given me by the nymphs,
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have.
But we, by Neptune! for no pipe contend,—
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next."

RODERIGO AND JULIAN.

THE REPROACH OF THE BEREAVED.

Rod. Julian, thy gloomy soul still meditates—
Plainly I see it—death to me: pursue
The dictates of thy leaders; let revenge
Have its full sway; let Barbary prevail,
And the pure creed her elders have embraced:
Those placid sages hold assassination
A most compendious supplement to law.
Jul. Thou knowest not the one, nor I the other.
Torn hast thou from me all my soul held dear;

Her form, her voice, all hast thou banisht from me,
Nor dare I, wretched as I am! recal
Those solaces of every grief erewhile.
I stand abased before insulting crime,
I falter like a criminal myself;
The hand that hurl'd thy chariot o'er its wheels,
That held thy steeds erect and motionless
As molten statues on some palace-gate,
Shakes as with palsied age before thee now.
Gone is the treasure of my heart for ever,
Without a father, mother, friend, or name.
Daughter of Julian!—Such was her delight—
Such was mine too! what pride more innocent,
What surely less deserving pangs like these,
Than springs from filial and parental love!
Debarr'd from every hope that issues forth
To meet the balmy breath of early life,
Her sadden'd days, all cold and colourless,
Will stretch before her their whole weary length
Amid the sameness of obscurity.
She wanted not seclusion to unveil
Her thoughts to heaven, cloister, nor midnight bell;
She found it in all places, at all hours:
While to assuage my labours, she indulged
A playfulness that shunn'd a mother's eye,
Still to avert my perils there arose
A piety that even from *me* retired.

KEBLE.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."

SWEET nurslings of the vernal skies,
Bath'd in soft airs, and fed with dew,

What more than magic in you lies,
To fill the heart's fond view?
In childhood's sports, companions gay,
In sorrow, on Life's downward way,
How soothing! in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stain'd with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchang'd the while
Your first and perfect form ye show,
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet—
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide—
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,

Your silent lessons, undescried
  By all but lowly eyes:
For ye could draw th' admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
  He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
  As when He paused and own'd you good;
His blessing on earth's primal bower,
  Ye felt it all renew'd.
What care ye now, if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm,—
  Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind,
  That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
  Of your calm loveliness!
"Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's cares shall bring to sight;
Go sleep, like closing flowers, at night,
  And Heaven thy morn will bless."

CHILDREN'S THANKFULNESS.

"A joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful."

Why so stately, maiden fair,
  Rising in thy nurse's arms
With that condescending air;
  Gathering up thy queenly charms,

Like some gorgeous Indian bird,
Which, when at eve the balmy copse is stirr'd,
Turns the glowing neck to chide
Th' irreverent foot-fall, then makes haste to hide
Again its lustre deep
Under the purple wing, best home of downy sleep?

Not as yet she comprehends
How the tongues of men reprove,
But a spirit o'er her bends,
Train'd in heaven to courteous love,
And with wondering grave rebuke
Tempers, to-day, shy tone and bashful look.—
Graceless one, 't is all of thee,
Who for her maiden bounty, full and free,
The violet from her gay
And guileless bosom, didst no word of thanks repay.

Therefore, lo, she opens wide
Both her blue and wistful eyes,—
Breathes her grateful chant, to chide
Our too tardy sympathies.
Little babes and angels bright—
They muse, be sure, and wonder, day and night,
How th' all-holy Hand should give,
The sinner's hand in thanklessness receive.
We see it and we hear,
But wonder not: for why? we feel it all too near.

Not in vain, when feasts are spread,
To the youngest at the board
Call we to incline the head,
And pronounce the solemn word.
Not in vain they clasp and raise
The soft, pure fingers in unconscious praise,
Taught, perchance, by pictur'd wall

How little ones before the Lord may fall,
How to His lov'd caress
Reach out the restless arm, and near and nearer press.

Children in their joyous ranks,
As you pace the village street,
Fill the air with smiles and thanks
If but once one babe you greet.
Never weary, never dim,
From thrones seraphic mounts th' eternal hymn.
Babes and angels grudge no praise :—
But elder souls, to whom His saving ways
Are open, fearless take
Their portion, hear the Grace, and no meek answer make.

Save our blessings, Master, save
From the blight of thankless eye :
Teach us for all joys to crave
Benediction pure and high,
Own them given, endure them gone,
Shrink from their hardening touch, yet prize them won :
Prize them as rich odours, meet
For Love to lavish on His sacred feet ;—
Prize them as sparkles bright
Of heavenly dew, from yon o'erflowing well of light.

THE HEBREW WEDDING.

To the sound of timbrels sweet,
Moving slow our solemn feet,
We have borne thee on the road,
To the virgin's blest abode;
With thy yellow torches gleaming,
And thy scarlet mantle streaming,
And the canopy above
Swaying as we slowly move.

Thou hast left the joyous feast,
And the mirth and wine have ceast;
And now we set thee down before
The jealously-unclosing door;
That the favour'd youth admits,
Where the veilèd virgin sits
In the bliss of maiden fear,
Waiting our soft tread to hear,
And the music's brisker din,
At the bridegroom's entering in:
Entering in a welcome guest
To the chamber of his rest.

Chorus of Maidens.

Now the jocund song is thine,
Bride of David's kingly line;
How thy dove-like bosom trembleth,
And thy shrouded eye resembleth
Violets, when the dews of eve
A moist and tremulous glitter leave

On the bashful scalèd lid!
Close within the bride-veil hid,
Motionless thou sitt'st and mute;
Save that at the soft salute
Of each entering maiden friend,
Thou dost rise and softly bend.

Hark! a brisker, merrier glee!
The door unfolds,—'t is he! 'tis he!
Thus we lift our lamps to meet him,
Thus we touch our lutes to greet him.
Thou shalt give a fonder meeting,
Thou shalt give a tenderer greeting.

THE COMING OF THE JUDGE.

Even thus, amid thy pride and luxury,
O Earth! shall that last coming burst on thee,
  That secret coming of the Son of Man.
When all the cherub-throning clouds shall shine,
Irradiate with his bright advancing sign:
  When that Great Husbandman shall wave his fan,
Sweeping, like chaff, thy wealth and pomp away:
Still, to the noontide of that nightless day,
  Shalt thou thy wonted dissolute course maintain.
Along the busy mart and crowded street,
The buyer and the seller still shall meet,
  And marriage-feasts begin their jocund strain:
Still to the pouring out the Cup of Woe;
Till Earth, a drunkard, reeling to and fro,
And mountains molten by his burning feet,
And Heaven his presence own, all red with furnace heat.

  The hundred-gated Cities then,
  The Towers and Temples, nam'd of men
    Eternal, and the Thrones of Kings;
  The gilded summer Palaces,
  The courtly bowers of love and ease,
    Where still the Bird of Pleasure sings;—
  Ask ye the destiny of them?
  Go, gaze on fallen Jerusalem!
Yea, mightier names are in the fatal roll,
  'Gainst earth and heaven God's standard is unfurl'd;
The skies are shrivell'd like a burning scroll,
  And the vast common doom ensepulchres the world.

  Oh! who shall then survive?
  Oh! who shall stand and live?

When all that hath been is no more :
  When for the round earth hung in air,
  With all its constellations fair
    In the sky's azure canopy ;
When for the breathing Earth, and sparkling Sea,
  Is but a fiery deluge without shore,
Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,
A fiery deluge, and without an Ark.

Lord of all power, when thou art there alone
On thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,
  That in its high meridian noon
  Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon :
When thou art there in thy presiding state,
  Wide-sceptred Monarch o'er the realm of doom ;
  When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,
The dead of all the ages round thee wait :
And when the tribes of wickedness are strown
  Like forest-leaves in th' autumn of thine ire :
Faithful and True ! thou still wilt save thine own !
  The Saints shall dwell within th' unharming fire,
Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm.
  Even safe as we by this still fountain's side,
  So shall the Church, thy bright and mystic Bride,
Sit on the stormy gulf of halcyon bird of calm.
  Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,
  O'er us the rainbow of thy mercy shines ;
  We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,
Almighty to avenge, Almightiest to redeem.

LEIGH HUNT.

AN ITALIAN GARDEN.

A NOBLE range it was, of many a rood,
Wall'd round with trees, and ending in a wood:
Indeed, the whole was leafy; and it had
A winding stream about it, clear and glad,
That danced from shade to shade, and on its way
Seem'd smiling with delight to feel the day.
There was the pouting rose, both red and white,
The flamy heart's-ease, flush'd with purple light,
Blush-hiding strawberry, sunny-coloured box,
Hyacinth, handsome with his clustering locks,
The lady lily, looking gently down,
Pure lavender, to lay in bridal-gown,
The daisy, lovely on both sides,—in short,
All the sweet cups to which the bees resort,
With plots of grass, and perfum'd walks between
Of sweetbrier, honeysuckle, and jessamine,
With orange, whose warm leaves so finely suit,
And look as if they shade a golden fruit;
And 'midst the flowers, turf'd round beneath a shade
Of circling pines, a babbling fountain play'd,
And 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright,
Which through the darksome tops glimmer'd with showering light.
So now you walk'd beside an odorous bed
Of gorgeous hues, purple, and gold, and red;
And now turn'd off into a leafy walk,
Close and continuous, fit for lovers' talk;

And now pursued the stream, and as you trod
Onward and onward o'er the velvet sod,
Felt on your face an air, watery and sweet,
And a new sense in your soft-lighting feet ;

And then, perhaps, you enter'd upon shades,
Pillow'd with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades,
Through which the distant palace, now and then,
Look'd lordly forth with many-window'd ken,—
A land of trees, which reaching round about,
In shady blessing stretch'd their old arms out,
With spots of sunny opening, and with nooks
To lie and read in, sloping into brooks,
Where at her drink you startled the slim deer,
Retreating lightly with a lovely fear.
And all about, the birds kept leafy house,
And sung and darted in and out the boughs;
And all about, a lovely sky of blue
Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laugh'd through;
And here and there, in every part, were seats,
Some in the open walks, some in retreats
With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye
Look'd up half sweetly and half awfully,—
Places of nestling green, for poets made,
Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,
The rugged trunks, to inward-peeping sight,
Throng'd in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks, half-way,
And form'd of both, the loveliest portion lay,
A spot that struck you like enchanted ground:
It was a shallow dell, set in a mound
Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees—
The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees;
Down by whose roots, descending darkly still,
(You saw it not, but heard) there gush'd a rill,
Whose low sweet talking seem'd as if it said
Something eternal to that happy shade.
The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers
Heap'd towards the centre, and with citron bowers;
And in the midst of all, cluster'd with bay

And myrtle, and just gleaming to the day,
Lurk'd a pavilion,—a delicious sight,—
Small, marble, well-proportion'd, mellowy white,
With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,—but no more,—
And a young orange either side the door.
The door was to the wood, forward and square;
The rest was domed at top, and circular;
And through the dome the only light came in,
Tinged, as it enter'd, with the vine-leaves thin.

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An Angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The Vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CROLY.

THE ALHAMBRA.

Palace of Beauty! where the Moorish Lord,
King of the bow, the bridle, and the sword,
Sat like a Genie in the diamond's blaze.
Oh! to have seen thee in the ancient days,
When at thy morning gates the coursers stood,
The "thousand" milk-white, Yemen's fiery blood,
In pearl and ruby harness'd for the King;
And through thy portals pour'd the gorgeous flood
Of jewell'd Sheik and Emir, hastening,
Before the sky the dawning purple show'd,
Their turbans at the Caliph's feet to fling.
Lovely thy morn—thy evening lovelier still,
When at the waking of the first blue star
That trembled on the Atalaya hill,
The splendours of the trumpet's voice arose,

Brilliant and bold, and yet no sound of war;
But summoning thy beauty from repose,
The shaded slumber of the burning noon.
Then in the slant sun all thy fountains shone,
Shooting the sparkling column from the vase
Of crystal cool, and falling in a haze
Of rainbow hues on floors of porphyry,
And the rich bordering beds of every bloom
That breathes to African or Indian sky,
Carnation, tuberose, thick anemone;
Then was the harping of the minstrels heard,
In the deep arbours, or the regal hall,
Hushing the tumult of the festival,
When the pale bard his kindling eye-ball rear'd,
And told of Eastern glories, silken hosts,
Tower'd elephants, and chiefs in topaz arm'd;
Or of the myriads from the cloudy coasts
Of the far Western sea,—the sons of blood,
The iron men of tournament and feud,
That round the bulwarks of their fathers swarm'd,
Doom'd by the Moslem scimitar to fall,
Till the Red Cross was hurl'd from Salem's wall.

Where are thy pomps, Alhambra, earthly sun,
That had no rival, and no second?—gone!
Thy glory down the arch of time has roll'd,
Like the great day-star to the ocean dim,
The billows of the ages o'er thee swim,
Gloomy and fathomless; thy tale is told.
Where is thy horn of battle? that, but blown,
Brought every chief of Afric from his throne;
Brought every spear of Afric from the wall;
Brought every charger barbed from the stall,
Till all its tribes sat mounted on the shore;
Waiting the waving of thy torch to pour
The living deluge on the fields of Spain.

Queen of Earth's loveliness, there was a stain
Upon thy brow—the stain of guilt and gore:
Thy course was bright, bold, treach'rous—and 'tis o'er.
The spear and diadem are from thee gone;
Silence is now sole monarch of thy throne!

FLORA.

The flowers are Nature's jewels, with whose wealth
She decks her Summer beauty; Primrose sweet,
With blossoms of pure gold; enchanting Rose,
That, like a virgin queen, salutes the Sun,
Dew-diadem'd; the perfumed Pink, that studs
The earth with clustering ruby; Hyacinth,
The hue of Venus' tresses; Myrtle green,
That maidens think a charm for constant love.
And give night-kisses to it, and so dream;
Fair Lily! woman's emblem, and oft twined
Round bosoms, where its silver is unseen,
Such is their whiteness; downcast Violet,
Turning away its sweet head from the wind,
As she her delicate and startled ear
From passion's tale!

MOULTRIE.

THE THREE SONS.

I HAVE a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould;
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears,
That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.
I cannot say how this may be,—I know his face is fair,
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his sweet and serious air:

I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,
But loveth yet his mother more with grateful fervency.
But that which others most admire is the thought which fills his mind ;
The food for grave inquiring speech he everywhere doth find :
Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk ;
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk ;
Nor cares he much for childish sports, dotes not on bat or ball,
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplext
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next ;
He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teaches him to pray,
And strange, and sweet, and solemn then are the words which he will say.
Oh, should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years like me,
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be :
And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow,
I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three ;
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee.
I do not think his light-blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been ;
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks with me, the country folk, who pass us in the street,
Will shout with joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,
Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone.
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.

Should *he* grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love.
And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching eyes must dim,
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son; his age I cannot tell,
For they reckon not by years or months where he is gone to dwell.
To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given,
And then he bade farewell to Earth, and went to live in Heaven.
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.
The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel,
Are number'd with the secret things which God will not reveal.
But I know (for God hath told me this) that he is now at rest,
Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast.
I know his spirit feels no more this weary load of flesh,
But his sleep is bless'd with endless dreams of joy for ever fresh.
I know the angels fold him close beneath their glittering wings,
And soothe him with a song that breathes of Heaven's divinest things.
I know that we shall meet our babe, (his mother dear and I,)
When God for aye shall wipe away all tears from every eye.
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, *his* bliss can never cease;
Their lot may here be grief and fear, but *his* is certain peace.
It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,
But if our own poor faith fail not, *he* must be ours for ever.
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,—
When we muse on *that* world's perfect bliss, and *this* world's misery,—
When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain,—
Oh! we'd rather lose our other two, than have him here again.

"FORGET THEE?"

"Forget thee?" if to dream by night, and muse on thee by day,
If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can pay,
If prayers in absence breathed for thee to Heaven's protecting power,
If winged thoughts that flit to thee,—a thousand in an hour,
If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot,—
If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou, indeed, shalt be forgot!

"Forget thee?" Bid the forest-birds forget their sweetest tune;
"Forget thee?" Bid the sea forget to swell beneath the moon;
Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's refreshing dew;
Thyself forget thine own "dear land," and its "mountains wild and blue."
Forget each old familiar face, each long-remember'd spot,—
When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt be forgot!

Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace, still calm and fancy-free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less glad for me;
Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh! bid not mine to rove,
But let it nurse its humble faith, and uncomplaining love;—
If these, preserved for patient years, at last avail me not,
Forget me then;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be forgot!

MACAULAY.

THE SPANISH ARMADA.

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice-famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great Fleet Invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;

Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,
At earliest twilight, on the waves lie heaving many a mile;
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.
Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall;
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing-bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inward many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums;
His yeomen round the market-cross make clear an ample space,
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells.
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down.
So stalked he when he turned to flight, on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield:
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight: ho! scatter flowers, fair maids:
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute: ho! gallants, draw your blades:
Thou sun, shine on her joyously—ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.

The freshening breeze of eve unfurl'd that banner's massy fold,
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sunk upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread;
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire;
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves:

The rugged miners pour'd to war from Mendip's sunless caves :
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew :
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu :
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton down ;
The sentinel on Whitehall Gate look'd forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the death-like silence broke,
And with one start, and with one cry, the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires ;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires ;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear ;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer ;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of flags and pikes dashed down each roaring street :
And broader still became the blaze, and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in :
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth ;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north ;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still,—
All night from tower to tower they sprang ; they sprang from hill to hill :
Till the proud peak unfurl'd the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain ;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent ;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

TAYLOR.

ARTEVELDE IN GHENT.

THE PLATFORM AT THE TOP OF THE STEEPLE OF ST. NICHOLAS' CHURCH.—TIME—DAY-BREAK.

ARTEVELDE (*alone*).

THERE lies a sleeping city. God of dreams!
What an unreal and fantastic world
Is going on below!
Within the sweep of yon encircling wall,
How many a large creation of the night,
Wide wilderness and mountain, rock and sea,
Peopled with busy transitory groups,
Finds room to rise, and never feels the crowd!
—If when the shows had left the dreamers' eyes
They should float upward visibly to mine,
How thick with apparitions were that void!
But now the blank and blind profundity
Turns my brain giddy with a sick aversion.
—I have not slept. I am to blame for that.
Long vigils, join'd with scant and meagre food,
Must needs impair that promptitude of mind,
And cheerfulness of spirit, which, in him
Who leads a multitude, is past all price.
I think I could redeem an hour's repose
Out of the night that I have squander'd, yet.
The breezes, launch'd upon their early voyage,
Play with a pleasing freshness on my face.
I will enfold my cloak about my limbs,
And lie where I shall front them;—here, I think.

[*He lies down.*

If this were over—blessed be the calm
That comes to me at last! A friend in need
Is nature to us, that, when all is spent,
Brings slumber—bountifully—whereupon
We give her sleepy welcome—if all this
Were honourably over—Adriana—

[*Falls asleep, but starts up almost instantly.*

I heard a hoof, a horse's hoof I'll swear,
Upon the road from Bruges,—or did I dream?
No! 't is the gallop of a horse at speed.

VAN DEN BOSCH (*without*).

What ho! Van Artevelde!

ARTEVELDE.

Who calls?

VAN DEN BOSCH (*entering*).

'T is I.
Thou art an early riser, like myself;
Or is it that thou hast not been to bed?

ARTEVELDE.

What are thy tidings?

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Nay, what can they be?
A page from pestilence and famine's day-book;
So many to the pest-house carried in,
So many to the dead-house carried out.
The same dull, dismal, damnable old story.

ARTEVELDE.

Be quiet; listen to the westerly wind,
And tell me if it bring thee nothing new.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Nought to my ear, save howl of hungry dog
That hears the house is stirring—nothing else.

ARTEVELDE.

No,—now—I hear it not myself—no—nothing.
The city's hum is up—but ere you came
'T was audible enough.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

In God's name what?

ARTEVELDE.

A horseman's tramp upon the road from Bruges.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Why, then, be certain 't is a flag of truce!
If once he reach the city we are lost.
Nay, if he be but seen, our danger's great.
What terms so bad they would not swallow now?
Let's send some trusty varlets forth at once
To cross his way.

ARTEVELDE.

And send him back to Bruges?

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Send him to hell—and that 's a better place.

ARTEVELDE.

Nay, softly, Van den Bosch; let war be war,
But let us keep its ordinances.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Tush!
I say, but let them see him from afar,
And in an hour shall we, bound hand and foot,
Be on our way to Bruges.

ARTEVELDE.

Not so, not so;
My rule of governance has not been such
As e'er to issue in so foul a close.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

What matter by what rule thou may'st have govern'd?
Think'st thou a hundred thousand citizens
Shall stay the fury of their empty maws
Because thou'st ruled them justly?

ARTEVELDE.

It may be
That such a hope is mine.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Then thou art mad,
And I must take this matter on myself. [*Is going.*

ARTEVELDE.

Hold, Van den Bosch ; I say this shall not be.

I must be madder than I think I am
Ere I shall yield up my authority,
Which I abuse not, to be used by thee.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

This comes of lifting dreamers into power.
I tell thee, in this strait and stress of famine,
The people, but to pave the way for peace,
Would instantly despatch our heads to Bruges.
Once and again I warn thee that thy life
Hangs by a thread.

ARTEVELDE.

Why, know I not it does?
What hath it hung by else since Utas' eve?
Did I not by mine own advised choice
Place it in jeopardy for certain ends?
And what were these? To prop thy tottering state?
To float thee o'er a reef, and, that performed,
To cater for our joint security?
No, verily; not such my high ambition.
I bent my thoughts on yonder city's weal;
I looked to give it victory and freedom;
And working to that end, by consequence
From one great peril did deliver thee—
Not for the love of thee or of thy life,
Which I regard not, but the city's service;
And if for that same service it seemed good,
I will expose thy life to equal hazard.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Thou wilt?

ARTEVELDE.

I will.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Oh, Lord! to hear him speak,
What a most mighty emperor of puppets
Is this that I have brought upon the board!
But how if he that made it should unmake?

ARTEVELDE.

Unto His sovereignty who truly made me
With infinite humility I bow!
Both, both of us are puppets, Van den Bosch;
Part of the curious clock-work of this world,
We scold, and squeak, and crack each other's crowns;
And if by twitches moved from wires we see not,
I were to toss thee from this steeple's top,
I should be but the instrument—no more—
The tool of that chastising Providence
Which doth exalt the lowly, and abase
The violent and proud: but let me hope
There 's no such task appointed me to-day.
Thou passest in the world for worldly wise:
Then, seeing we must sink or swim together,
What can it profit thee, in this extreme
Of our distress, to wrangle with me thus
For my supremacy and rule? Thy fate,
As of necessity bound up with mine,
Must needs partake my cares: let that suffice
To put thy pride to rest till better times.
Contest—more reasonably wrong—a prize
More precious than the ordering of a shipwreck.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Tush, tush, Van Artevelde; thou talk'st and talk'st,
And honest burghers think it wondrous fine.
But thou might'st easilier with that tongue of thine
Persuade yon smoke to fly i' th' face o' the wind,
Than talk away my wit and understanding.
I say yon herald shall not enter here.

ARTEVELDE.

I know, sir, no man better, where my talk
Is serviceable singly, where it needs
To be by acts enforced. I say, beware,
And brave not mine authority too far.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Hast thou authority to take my life?
What is it else to let yon herald in
To bargain for our blood?

ARTEVELDE.

Thy life again!
Why, what a very slave of life art thou!
Look round about on this once populous town;
Not one of these innumerous house-tops
But hides some spectral form of misery,
Some peevish, pining child and moaning mother,
Some aged man that in his dotage scolds,
Not knowing why he hungers, some cold corse
That lies unstraightened where the spirit left it.
Look round, and answer what thy life can be
To tell for more than dust upon the balance.
I, too, would live—I have a love for life—
But rather than to live to charge my soul
With one hour's lengthening out of woes like these,
I'd leap this parapet with as free a bound
As e'er was schoolboy's o'er a garden wall.

VAN DEN BOSCH.

I'd like to see thee do it.

ARTEVELDE.

I know thou wouldst;
But for the present be content to see
My less precipitate descent; for lo!
There comes the herald o'er the hill.

[*Exit.*

VAN DEN BOSCH.

Beshrew thee!
Thou shalt not have the start of me in this.

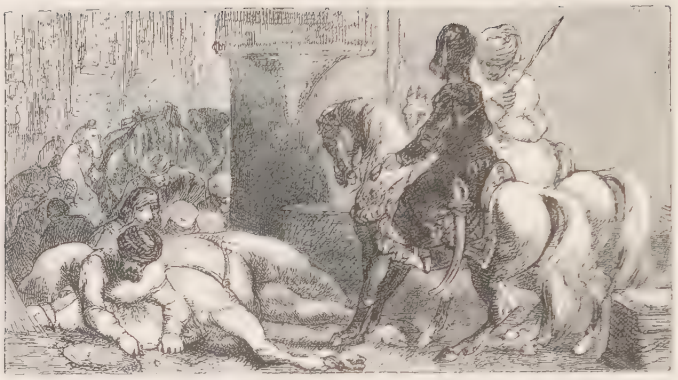
[*He follows, and the scene closes.*

ERNESTO.

THOUGHTFULLY by the side Ernesto sate
Of her whom, in his earlier youth, with heart
Then first exulting in a dangerous hope,
Dearer for danger, he had rashly loved.
That was a season when the untravell'd spirit,
Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
Saw none—or seeing, with triumphant trust
In its resources and its powers, defied—
Perverse to find provocatives in warnings,
And in disturbance taking deep delight.
By sea or land he still saw rise the storm
With a gay courage, and through broken lights,
Tempestuously exalted, for a while
His heart ran mountains high, or to the roar
Of shatter'd forests sang superior songs
With kindling, and what might have seem'd to some,
Auspicious energy;—by land and sea
He was way-founder'd—trampled in the dust
His many-colour'd hopes—his lading rich
Of precious pictures, bright imaginations,
In absolute shipwreck to the wind and waves
Suddenly render'd—
By her side he sate:
But time had been between and wov'n a veil
Of seven years' separation; and the past
Was seen with soften'd outlines, like the face
Of Nature through a mist. What was so seen?
In a short hour, there sitting with his eyes
Fix'd on her face, observant though abstracted,

Lost partly in the past, but mixing still
With his remembrances the life before him,
He traced it all—the pleasant first accost,
Agreeable acquaintance, growing friendship,
Love, passion at the culminating point
When in a sleeping body through the night
The heart would lie awake, reverses next
Gnawing the mind with doubtfulness, and last
The affectionate bitterness of love refused.
—Rash had he been by choice—by wanton choice
Deliberately rash ; but in the soil
Where grows the bane, grows too the antidote ;
The same young-heartedness which knew not fear
Renounced despondency, and brought at need
With its results, resources. In his day
Of utter condemnation, there remain'd
Appeal to that imaginative power
Which can commute a sentence of sore pain
For one of softer sadness, which can bathe
The broken spirit in the balm of tears.
And more and better to after days ; for soon
Upsprang the mind within him, and he knew
The affluence and the growth which nature yields
After an overflow of loving grief.
Hence did he deem that he could freely draw
A natural indemnity. The tree
Sucks kindlier nurture from a soil enrich'd
By its own fallen leaves ; and man is made
In heart and spirit from deciduous hopes
And things that seem to perish. Thro' the stress
And fever of his suit, from first to last,
His pride (to call it by no nobler name)
Had been to love with reason and with truth,
To carry clear thro' many a turbulent trial
A perspicacious judgment and true tongue,
And neither with fair word nor partial thought

To flatter whom he loved. If pride it was
To love and not to flatter, by a breath
Of purer aspiration was he moved
To suffer and not blame, grieve, not resent;
And when all hopes that needs must knit with self
Their object, were irrevocably gone,
Cherish a mild commemorative love,
Such as a mourner might unblamed bestow
On a departed spirit—
Once again
He sate beside her—for the last time now.
And scarcely was she alter'd; for the hours
Had led her lightly down the vale of life,
Dancing and scattering roses, and her face
Seem'd a perpetual daybreak, and the woods,
Where'er she rambled, echoed through their aisles
The music of a laugh so softly gay
That spring with all her songsters and her songs
Knew nothing like it. But how changed was he!
Care and disease and ardours unrepress'd,
And labours unremitted, and much grief,
Had written their death-warrant on his brow.
Of this she saw not all—she saw but little—
That which she could not choose but see she saw;
And o'er her sunlit dimples and her smiles
A shadow fell—a transitory shade;
And when the phantom of a hand she clasped
At parting scarce responded to her touch,
She sigh'd—but hoped the best.
When winter came
She sigh'd again;—for with it came the word
That trouble and love had found their place of rest
And slept beneath Madeira's orange groves.



TRENCH.

THE SPILT PEARLS.

His courtiers of the Caliph crave,—
"Oh, say how this may be,
That of thy slaves, this Ethiop slave
Is best beloved by thee?

"For he is ugly as the Night;
But when has ever chose
A nightingale, for its delight,
A hueless, scentless rose?"

The Caliph, then:—"No features fair,
Nor comely mien, are his;
Love is the beauty he doth wear,
And Love his glory is.

"When once a camel of my train
There fell in narrow street,
From broken casket roll'd amain
Rich pearls before my feet.

"I winking to the slaves that I
Would freely give them these,
At once upon the spoil they fly,
The costly boon to seize.

"One only at my side remained—
Beside this Ethiop none:
He, moveless as the steed he reined,
Behind me sat alone.

"'What will thy gain, good fellow, be,
Thus lingering at my side?'
'My king, that I shall faithfully
Have guarded thee,' he cried.

"True servant's title he may wear,
He only who has not,
For his Lord's gifts, how rich soe'er,
His Lord himself forgot."

So thou alone dost walk before
Thy God with perfect aim,
From Him desiring nothing more
Beside Himself to claim.

For if thou not to Him aspire,
But to His gifts alone,
Not Love, but covetous desire,
Has brought thee to His throne.

While such thy prayer, it climbs above
In vain—the golden key
Of God's rich treasure-house of love,
Thine own will never be.

ALFORD.

HYMN TO THE SEA.

Who shall declare the secret of thy birth,
Thou old companion of the circling earth?
And having marked with keen poetic sight
Ere beast or happy bird
Through the vast silence stirred,
Roll back the folded darkness of the primal night?

Corruption-like, thou teemedst in the graves
Of mouldering systems, with dark weltering waves
Troubling the peace of the first mother's womb;
Whose ancient awful form,
With inly tossing storm,
Unquiet heavings kept—a birth-place and a tomb.

Till the life-giving Spirit moved above
The face of the waters, with creative love
Warming the hidden seeds of infant light:
What time the mighty Word
Through thine abyss was heard,
And swam from out thy deeps the young day heavenly bright.

Thou and the earth, twin-sisters, as they say,
In the old prime were fashion'd in the day,
And therefore thou delightest evermore
With her to lie, and play
The summer hours away,
Curling thy loving ripples up her quiet shore.

She is married, a matron long ago,
With nations at her side; her milk doth flow

Each year ; but thee no husband dares to tame ;
  Thy wild will is thine own,
  Thy sole and virgin throne—
Thy mood is ever changing—thy resolve the same.

Sunlight and moonlight minister to thee ;—
O'er the broad circle of the shoreless sea
  Heaven's two great lights for ever set and rise ;
    While the round vault above,
    In vast and silent love,
Is gazing down upon thee with his hundred eyes.

All night thou utterest forth thy solemn moan,
Counting thy weary minutes all alone;
  Then in the morning thou dost calmly lie,
    Deep blue, ere yet the sun
    His day-work hath begun,
Under the opening windows of the golden sky.

The spirit of the mountain looks on thee
Over an hundred hills; quaint shadows flee
  Across thy marbled mirror; brooding lie
    Storm-mists of infant cloud,
    With a sight-baffling shroud
Mantling the grey-blue islands in the western sky.

Sometimes thou liftest up thine hands on high
Into the tempest-cloud that blurs the sky,
  Holding rough dalliance with the fitful blast,
    Whose stiff breath, whistling shrill,
    Pierces with deadly chill
The wet crew feebly clinging to their shattered mast.

Foam-white along the border of the shore
Thine onward-leaping billows plunge and roar;
  While o'er the pebbly ridges slowly glide
    Cloaked figures, dim and grey,
    Through the thick mist of spray,
Watching for some struck vessel in the boiling tide.

Daughter and darling of remotest eld—
Time's childhood and Time's age thou hast beheld;
  His arm is feeble and his eye is dim—
    He tells old tales again—
    He wearies of long pain;—
Thou art as at the first: thou journeyedst not with him.

TENNYSON.

THE MAY QUEEN.

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

There's many a black black eye, they say, but none so bright as mine;
There's Margaret and Mary, there's Kate and Caroline:
But none so fair as little Alice in all the land they say,
So I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

As I came up the valley, whom think ye should I see,
But Robin leaning on the bridge beneath the hazel-tree?
He thought of that sharp look, mother, I gave him yesterday,—
But I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

He thought I was a ghost, mother, for I was all in white,
And I ran by him without speaking, like a flash of light.
They call me cruel-hearted, but I care not what they say,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

They say he's dying all for love, but that can never be:
They say his heart is breaking, mother,—what is that to me?
There's many a bolder lad 'ill woo me any summer day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

Little Effie shall go with me to-morrow to the Green,
And you'll be there, too, mother, to see me made the Queen;
For the shepherd-lads on every side 'ill come from far away,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy bowers,
And by the meadow-trenches blow the faint sweet cuckoo-flowers;
And the wild marsh-marigold shines like fire in swamps and hollows gray,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the live-long day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'll be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

NEW-YEAR'S EVE.

If you're waking call me early, call me early, mother dear,
For I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year:
It is the last New-year that I shall ever see,
Then you may lay me low i' the mould, and think no more of me.

To-night I saw the sun set: he set and left behind
The good old year, the dear old time, and all my peace of mind;
And the New-year's coming up, mother, but I shall never see
The blossom on the blackthorn, the leaf upon the tree.

Last May we made a crown of flowers; we had a merry day:
Beneath the hawthorn on the green they made me Queen of May;
And we danced about the May-pole and in the hazel copse,
Till Charles's Wain came out above the tall white chimney-tops.

There's not a flower on all the hills: the frost is on the pane:
I only wish to live till the snowdrops come again:
I wish the snow would melt, and the sun come out on high:
I long to see a flower so before the day I die.

The building rook 'ill caw from the windy tall elm-tree,
And the tufted plover pipe along the fallow lea,
And the swallow 'ill come back again with summer o'er the wave,—
But I shall lie alone, mother, within the mouldering grave.

Upon the chancel-casement, and upon that grave of mine,
In the early early morning the summer sun 'ill shine,
Before the red cock crows from the farm upon the hill,
When you are warm asleep, mother, and all the world is still.

When the flowers come again, mother, beneath the waning light,
You'll never see me more in the long gray fields at night;
When from the dry dark wold the summer airs blow cool
On the oat-grass and the sword-grass, and the bulrush in the pool.

You'll bury me, my mother, just beneath the hawthorn shade,
And you'll come sometimes and see me where I am lowly laid.
I shall not forget you, mother; I shall hear you when you pass,
With your feet above my head in the long and pleasant grass.

I have been wild and wayward, but you'll forgive me now;
You'll kiss me, my own mother, upon my cheek and brow;
Nay, nay, you must not weep, nor let your grief be wild,
You should not fret for me, mother,—you have another child.

If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting-place;
Though you'll not see me, mother, I shall look upon your face;
Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say,
And be often, often with you, when you think I'm far away.

Good-night, good-night, when I have said good-night for evermore.
And you see me carried out from the threshold of the door;
Don't let Effie come to see me till my grave be growing green:
She'll be a better child to you than ever I have been.

She'll find my garden tools upon the granary floor:
Let her take 'em: they are hers: I shall never garden more:
But tell her, when I'm gone, to train the rose-bush that I set
About the parlour-window and the box of mignonette.

Good-night, sweet mother: call me before the day is born.
All night I lie awake, but I fall asleep at morn;
But I would see the sun rise upon the glad New-year,
So, if you're waking, call me, call me early, mother dear.

CONCLUSION.

I thought to pass away before, and yet alive I am;
And in the fields all round I hear the bleating of the lamb.
How sadly, I remember, rose the morning of the year!
To die before the snowdrop came, and now the violet's here.

O sweet is the new violet, that comes beneath the skies,
And sweeter is the young lamb's voice to me that cannot rise,
And sweet is all the land about, and all the flowers that blow,
And sweeter far is death than life to me that long to go.

It seemed so hard at first, mother, to leave the blessed sun,
And now it seems as hard to stay, and yet His will be done!
But still I think it can't be long before I find release;
And that good man, the clergyman, has told me words of peace.

O blessings on his kindly voice, and on his silver hair!
And blessings on his whole life long, until he meet me there!
O blessings on his kindly heart, and on his silver head!
A thousand times I blest him, as he knelt beside my bed.

He show'd me all the mercy, for he taught me all the sin:
Now, though my lamp was lighted late, there's One will let me in:
Nor would I now be well, mother, again, if that could be,
For my desire is but to pass to Him that died for me.

I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat,
There came a sweeter token when the night and morning meet:
But sit beside my bed, mother, and put your hand in mine,
And Effie on the other side, and I will tell the sign.

All in the wild March-morning I heard the angels call;
It was when the moon was setting, and the dark was over all;
The trees began to whisper, and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March-morning I heard them call my soul.

For lying broad awake I thought of you and Effie dear:
I saw you sitting in the house, and I no longer here;
With all my strength I prayed for both, and so I felt resign'd,
And up the valley came a swell of music on the wind.

I thought that it was fancy, and I listen'd in my bed,
And then did something speak to me—I know not what was said;
For great delight and shuddering took hold of all my mind,
And up the valley came again the music on the wind.

But you were sleeping; and I said, "It's not for them: it's mine."
And if it comes three times, I thought, I take it for a sign.
And once again it came, and close beside the window-bars,
Then seem'd to go right up to Heaven, and die among the stars.

So now I think my time is near. I trust it is. I know
The blessed music went that way my soul will have to go.
And for myself, indeed, I care not if I go to-day.
But, Effie, you must comfort *her* when I am past away.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret;
There's many worthier than I, would make him happy yet.
If I had lived—I cannot tell—I might have been his wife;
But all these things have ceased to be, with my desire of life.

O look! the sun begins to rise, the heavens are in a glow;
He shines upon a hundred fields, and all of them I know.
And there I move no longer now, and there his light may shine—
Wild flowers in the valley for other hands than mine.

O sweet and strange it seems to me, that ere this day is done
The voice, that now is speaking, may be beyond the sun—
For ever and for ever with those just souls and true—
And what is life, that we should moan? why make we such ado?

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home—
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come;
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast—
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA.

I WONDER do you feel to-day
  As I have felt, since, hand in hand,
We sat down on the grass, to stray
  In spirit better through the land,
This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touched a thought, I know,
  Has tantalised me many times,
(Like turns of thread the spiders throw
  Mocking across our path,) for rhymes
To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it: first it left
  The yellowing fennel, run to seed
There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,
  Some old tomb's ruin: yonder weed
Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange-cup amassed
  Five beetles,—blind and green they grope
Among the honey-meal,—and last
  Everywhere on the grassy slope
I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece
  Of feathery grasses everywhere!
Silence and passion, joy and peace,
  An everlasting wash of air—
Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life there, through such lengths of hours,
  Such miracles performed in play,
Such primal naked forms of flowers,
  Such letting Nature have her way
While Heaven looks from its towers.

How say you? Let us, O my dove,
Let us be unashamed of soul,
As earth lies bare to heaven above.
How is it under our control
To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,
You that are just so much, no more—
Nor yours, nor mine,—nor slave nor free!
Where does the fault lie? what the core
Of the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,
See with your eyes, and set my heart
Beating by yours, and drink my fill
At your soul's springs,—your part, my part
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward—touch you close,
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,
Catch your soul's warmth,—I pluck the rose
And love it more than tongue can speak,—
Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far
Out of that minute? Must I go
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,
Onward, whenever light winds blow,
Fixed by no friendly star?

Just when I seemed about to learn!—
Where is the thread now? Off again!
The old trick! Only I discern—
Infinite passion and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

EVELYN HOPE.

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead;
  Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed;
  She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die too, in the glass.
  Little has yet been changed, I think—
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
  Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
  Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—
It was not her time to love: beside,
  Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
  And now was quiet, now astir—
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
  And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late, then, Evelyn Hope?
  What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
  Made you of spirit, fire, and dew;
And just because I was thrice as old,
  And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
  We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
  Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
  I claim you still, for my own love's sake!

Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
  Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few
Much is to learn and much to forget
  Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,—
  When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
  That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
  And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
  Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
  Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
  Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
  What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
  My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
  And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
  See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
  You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WINE OF CYPRUS.

If old Bacchus were the speaker,
  He would tell you, with a sigh,
Of the Cyprus in this beaker
  I am sipping like a fly,—
Like a fly or gnat on Ida
  At the hour of goblet-pledge,
By queen Juno brushed aside, a
  Full white arm-sweep, from the edge.

Sooth, the drinking should be ampler,
When the drink is so divine:
And some deep-mouthed Greek exampler
Would become your Cyprus wine!
Cyclop's mouth might plunge aright in,
While his one eye over-leered—
Nor too large were mouth of Titan,
Drinking rivers down his beard.

Pan might dip his head so deep in,
That his ears alone pricked out,
Fauns around him, pressing, leaping,
Each one pointing to his throat:
While the Naiads, like Bacchantes
Wild, with urns thrown out to waste,
Cry,—"O earth, that thou wouldst grant us
Springs to keep, of such a taste!"

But for me, I am not worthy
After gods and Greeks to drink;
And my lips are pale and earthy
To go bathing from this brink.
Since you heard them speak the last time,
They have faded from their blooms,
And the laughter of my pastime
Has learnt silence at the tombs.

Ah, my friend! the antique drinkers
Crowned the cup, and crowned the brow.
Can I answer the old thinkers
In the forms they thought of, now?
Who will fetch from garden-closes
Some new garlands while I speak,
That the forehead, crowned with roses,
May strike scarlet down the cheek?

Do not mock me! with my mortal
  Suits no wreath again, indeed!
I am sad-voiced as the turtle
  Which Anacreon used to feed:
Yet as that same bird demurely
  Wet her beak in cup of his,—
So, without a garland, surely
  I may touch the brim of this.

Go!—let others praise the Chian!
  This is soft as Muses' string—
This is tawny as Rhea's lion,
  This is rapid as its spring,—
Bright as Paphia's eyes e'er met us,
  Light as ever trod her feet!
And the brown bees of Hymettus
  Make their honey not so sweet.

Very copious are my praises,
  Though I sip it like a fly!—
Ah—but, sipping,—times and places
  Change before me suddenly—
As Ulysses' old libation
  Drew the ghosts from every part,
So your Cyprus wine, dear Grecian,
  Stirs the Hades of my heart.

And I think of those long mornings
  Which my thought goes far to seek,
When, betwixt the folio's turnings,
  Solemn flowed the rhythmic Greek.
Past the pane, the mountain spreading,
  Swept the sheep-bell's tinkling noise,
While a girlish voice was reading
  Somewhat low for *ai's* and *oi's*.

Then what golden hours were for us!
  While we sate together there,
How the white vests of the chorus
  Seemed to wave up a live air!
How the cothurns trod majestic
  Down the deep iambic lines;
And the rolling anapæstic
  Curled like vapour over shrines!

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous!
  How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
  In the gnarled oak beneath.
Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
  Who was born to monarch's place—
And who made the whole world loyal,
  Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human—
  With his droppings of warm tears;
And his touches of things common,
  Till they rose to touch the spheres!
Our Theocritus, our Bion,
  And our Pindar's shining goals!—
These were cup-bearers undying
  Of the wine that's meant for souls.

And my Plato, the divine one,—
  If men know the gods aright
By their motions, as they shine on
  With a glorious trail of light!—
And your noble Christian bishops,
  Who mouthed grandly the last Greek:
Though the sponges on their hyssops
  Were distent with wine—too weak.

Yet, your Chrysostom, you praised him,
With his liberal mouth of gold;
And your Basil, you upraised him
To the height of speakers old:
And we both praised Heliodorus
For his secret of pure lies;—
Who forged first his linked stories
In the heat of ladies' eyes.

Do you mind that deed of Até
Which you bound me to so fast,—
Reading "De Virginitate,"
From the first line to the last?
How I said at ending, solemn,
As I turned and looked at you,
That St. Simeon on the column
Had had somewhat less to do?

For we sometimes gently wrangled;
Very gently, be it said,—
Since our thoughts were disentangled
By no breaking of the thread!
And I charged you with extortions
On the nobler fames of old—
Ay, and sometimes thought your Porsons
Stained the purple they would fold.

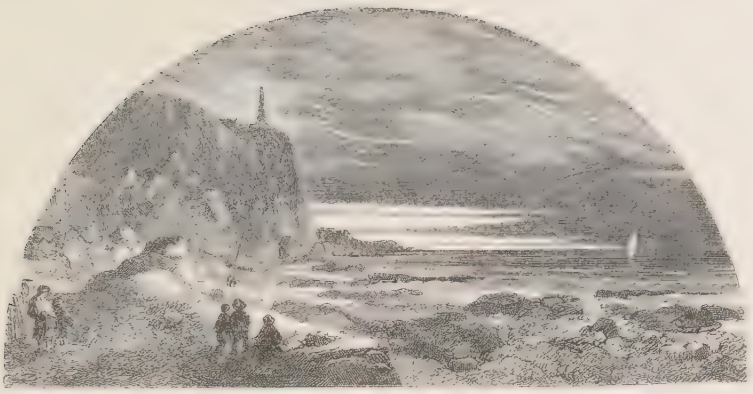
For the rest—a mystic moaning
Kept Cassandra at the gate,
With wild eyes the vision shone in—
And wide nostrils scenting fate.
And Prometheus, bound in passion
By brute force to the blind stone,
Showed us looks of invocation
Turned to ocean and the sun.

And Medea we saw burning
  At her nature's planted stake;
And proud Œdipus fate-scorning
  While the cloud came on to break—
While the cloud came on slow—slower,
  Till he stood discrowned, resigned!—
But the reader's voice dropped lower
  When the poet called him BLIND!

Ah, my gossip! you were older,
  And more learned, and a man!—
Yet that shadow—the enfolder
  Of your quiet eyelids—ran
Both our spirits to one level,
  And I turned from hill and lea,
And the summer-sun's green revel,—
  To your eyes that could not see.

Now Christ bless you with the one light
  Which goes shining night and day!
May the flowers which grow in sunlight
  Shed their fragrance in your way!
Is it not right to remember
  All your kindness, friend of mine,
When we two sate in the chamber
  And the poets poured us wine?

So, to come back to the drinking
  Of this Cyprus,—it is well—
But those memories, to my thinking,
  Make a better œnomel;
And whoever be the speaker,
  None can murmur with a sigh—
That, in drinking from *that* beaker,
  I am sipping like a fly.



KINGSLEY.

THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing down to the west,
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town:
  For men must work, and women must weep,
  And here's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
And they looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
While the night rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
  But men must work, and women must weep,
  Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lie out on the shining sands,
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,

For those who will never come home to the town.
But men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land—
And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel, crawling foam,
The cruel, hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands o' Dee.

DAVIS.

THE SACK OF BALTIMORE.

Baltimore is a sea-port in South Munster, and was plundered by a band of Algerines in the night of June 20th, 1631, under the guidance of Hackett, a Dungarvan fisherman.

The summer sun is falling soft on Carb'ry's hundred isles,
The summer sun is gleaming still through Gabriel's rough defiles;
Old Inisherkin's crumbled fane looks like a moulting bird,
And in a calm and sleepy swell the ocean tide is heard.

The hookers lie upon the beach; the children cease their play;
The gossips leave their little inn; the households kneel to pray,—
And full of love, and peace, and rest—its daily labour o'er—
Upon that cosy creek there lay the town of Baltimore.

A deeper rest, a starry trance, has come with midnight there;
No sound, except that throbbing wave, in earth, or sea, or air.
The massive capes and ruined towers seem conscious of the calm;
The fibrous sod and stunted trees are breathing heavy balm.
So still the night, these two long barques, round Dunashad that glide,
Must trust their oars, methinks not few, against the ebbing-tide—
Oh! some sweet mission of true love must urge them to the shore—
They bring some lover to his bride, who sighs in Baltimore!

All, all asleep within each roof along that rocky street,
And these must be the lover's friends, with gently gliding feet—
A stifled gasp! a dreamy noise!—"The roof is in a flame!"
From out their beds, and to their doors, rush maid, and sire, and dame—
And meet, upon the threshold stone, the gleaming sabre's fall,
And o'er each black and bearded face the white or crimson shawl—
The yell of "Allah" breaks above the prayer, and shriek, and roar—
Oh, blessed God! the Algerine is lord of Baltimore!

Then flung the youth his naked hand against the shearing sword;
Then sprung the mother on the brand with which her son was gor'd;
Then sunk the grandsire on the floor, his grand-babes clutching wild;
Then fled the maiden moaning faint, and nestled with the child;
But see yon pirate strangled lies, and crushed with splashing heel,
While o'er him in an Irish hand there sweeps his Syrian steel—
Though virtue sink, and courage fail, and misers yield their store,
There's *one* hearth well avenged in the sack of Baltimore.

Midsummer morn, in woodland nigh, the birds begin to sing—
They see not now the milking maids, deserted is the spring!
Midsummer day—this gallant rides from distant Bandon's town,—

These hookers crossed from stormy Skull, that skiff from Affadown ;
They only found the smoking walls, with neighbours' blood besprent,
And on the strewed and trampled beach awhile they wildly went,—
Then dash'd to sea, and passed Cape Cleir, and saw five leagues before
The pirate galleys vanishing that ravaged Baltimore.

Oh! some must tug the galley's oar, and some must tend the steed,—
This boy will bear a Sheik's chibouk, and that a Bey's jerreed.
Oh! some are for the arsenals, by beauteous Dardanelles ;
And some are in the caravan to Mecca's sandy dells.
The maid that Bandon gallant sought is chosen for the Dey—
She's safe—she's dead—she stabb'd him in the midst of his Serai.
And, when to die a death of fire, that noble maid they bore,
She only smiled—O'Driscol's child—she thought of Baltimore.

'Tis two long years since sunk the town beneath that bloody band,
And all around its trampled hearths a larger concourse stand,
Where, high upon a gallows-tree, a yelling wretch is seen—
'Tis Hackett of Dungarvan,—he, who steered the Algerine!
He fell amid a sullen shout, with scarce a passing prayer,
For he had slain the kith and kin of many a hundred there—
Some muttered of Mac Morrogh, who had brought the Norman o'er—
Some curs'd him with Iscariot, that day in Baltimore.

BULWER LYTTON.

EVA.

THE MAIDEN'S HOME.

A COTTAGE in a peaceful vale ;
A jasmine round the door ;
A hill to shelter from the gale ;
A silver brook before.

Oh, sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
In mornings soft with May;
Oh, silver-clear the waves that flow,
Reflecting heaven, away!
A sweeter bloom to Eva's youth
Rejoicing Nature gave;
And heaven was mirror'd in her truth
More clear than on the wave.
Oft to that lone sequester'd place
My boyish steps would roam,
There was a look in Eva's face
That seem'd a smile of home.
And oft I paus'd to hear at noon
A voice that sang for glee:
Or mark the white neck glancing down,
The book upon the knee.

THE IDIOT BOY.

Who stands between thee and the sun?—
A cloud himself,—the Wandering One!
A vacant wonder in the eyes,—
The mind, a blank, unwritten scroll;—
The light was in the laughing skies,
And darkness in the Idiot's soul.
He touch'd the book upon her knee—
He look'd into her gentle face—
"Thou dost not tremble, maid, to see
Poor Arthur by thy dwelling-place.
I know not why, but where I pass
The aged turn away;
And if my shadow vex the grass,
The children cease from play.
My only playmates are the wind,
The blossom on the bough!
Why are thy looks so soft and kind?
Thou dost not tremble—thou!"

Though none were by, she trembled not,—
  Too meek to wound, too good to fear him;
And, as he linger'd on the spot,
  She hid the tears that gush'd to hear him.

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

Of wonders on the land and deeps
  She spoke, and glories in the sky—
The eternal life the Father keeps
  For those, who learn from Him to die.
So simply did the maiden speak—
  So simply and so earnestly,
You saw the light begin to break,
  And Soul the Heaven to see;
You saw how slowly, day by day,
The darksome waters caught the ray,
Confused and broken—come and gone—
  The beams as yet uncertain are,
But still the billows murmur on,
  And struggle for the star.

THE STRANGER-SUITOR.

There came to Eva's maiden home
  A Stranger from a sunnier clime;
The lore that Hellas taught to Rome,
  The wealth that Wisdom wins from Time,
Which ever, in its ebb and flow,
  Heaves to the seeker on the shore
The waifs of glorious wrecks below,
  The argosies of yore;—
Each gem that in that dark profound
  The Past the Student's soul can find,
Shone from his thought, and sparkled round
  The Enchanted Palace of the Mind.
How trustful in the leafy June,
  She roved with him the lonely vale;

How trustful by the tender moon,
  She blush'd to hear a tenderer tale.
O happy Earth! the dawn revives,
  Day after day, each drooping flower—
Time to the heart *once* only gives
  The joyous Morning-hour.
"To him—oh, wilt thou pledge thy youth,
  For whom the world's false bloom is o'er?

My heart shall haven in thy truth,
And tempt the faithless wave no more."

Her hand lay trembling on his arm,
Averted glow'd the happy face;
A softer hue, a mightier charm,
Grew mellowing o'er the hour—the place;
Along the breathing woodlands moved
A presence dream-like and divine—
How sweet to love and be beloved,
To lean upon a heart that's thine!
Silence was o'er the earth and sky—
By silence Love is answer'd best—
Her answer was the downcast eye,
The rose-cheek pillow'd on his breast.

What rustles through the moonlit brake?
What sudden spectre meets their gaze?
What face, the hues of life forsake,
Gleams ghost-like in the ghostly rays?
You might have heard his heart that beat,
So heaving rose its heavy swell—
No more the Idiot—at her feet
The Dark One, roused to reason, fell.
Loosed the last link that thrall'd the thought,
The lightning broke upon the blind—
The jealous love the cure had wrought,
The Heart in waking woke the Mind.

THE HERMIT.

Years fly; beneath the yew-tree's shade,
Thy father's holy dust is laid;
The brook glides on, the jasmine blows;
But where art thou, the wandering wife?
And what the bliss, and what the woes,
Glass'd in the mirror-sleep of life?

For whether life may laugh or weep,
Death the true waking—life the sleep.
Who tenants thy forsaken cot—
  Who tends thy childhood's favourite flowers—
Who wakes, from every haunted spot,
  The Ghosts of buried Hours?
'T is He whose sense was doom'd to borrow
From thee the Vision and the Sorrow—
To whom the Reason's golden ray,
  In storms that rent the heart, was given;
The peal that burst the clouds away
  Left clear the face of heaven!
And wealth was his, and gentle birth,
  A form in fair proportions cast;
But lonely still he walk'd the earth—
  The Hermit of the Past.
It was not love—that dream was o'er!
  No stormy grief, no wild emotion;
For oft, what once was love of yore,
  The memory soothes into devotion!
He bought the cot:—The garden flowers—
  The haunts his Eva's steps had trod,
Books—thought—beguiled the lonely hours,
  That flow'd in peaceful waves to God.

DESERTION.

She sits, a Statue of Despair,
  In that far land, by that bright sea;
She sits, a Statue of Despair,
  Whose smile an Angel's seem'd to be.
She knows it all—the hideous tale—
  The wrong, the perjury, and the shame;—
Before the bride had left her veil,
  Another bore the nuptial name.
The infant woke from feverish rest—
  Its smile she sees, its voice she hears—

The marble melted from the breast,
And all the Mother gush'd in tears.

THE RETURN.

The cottage in the peaceful vale,
The jasmine round the door,
The hill still shelters from the gale,
The brook still glides before.

Without the porch, one summer noon,
The Hermit-dweller see!
In musing silence bending down,
The book upon his knee.
Who stands between thee and the sun?—
A cloud herself,—the Wand'ring One!—
A vacant sadness in the eyes,
The mind a razed, defeatured scroll;
The light is in the laughing skies,
And darkness, Eva, in thy soul!
Yet still the native instinct stirr'd
The darkness of the breast—
She flies, as flies the wounded bird
Unto the distant nest;
O'er hill and waste, from land to land,
Her heart the faithful instinct bore;
And there, behold the Wanderer stand
Beside her Childhood's Home once more!

LIGHT AND DARKNESS.

When earth is fair, and winds are still,
When sunset gilds the western hill,
Oft by the porch, with jasmine sweet,
Or by the brook, with noiseless feet,
Two silent forms are seen;
So silent they—the place so lone—
They seem like souls, when life is gone,
That haunt where life has been:
And his to watch, as in the past
Her soul had watch'd his soul.
Alas! *her* darkness waits the last,
The grave the only goal!
It is not what the leech can cure—
An erring chord, a jarring madness:
A calm so deep, it must endure—
So deep, thou scarce canst call it sadness;

A summer night, whose shadow falls
On silent hearths in ruin'd halls.
Yet, through the gloom, she seem'd to feel
  His presence like a happier air;
Close by his side she loved to steal,
  As if no ill could harm her there!
And when her looks his own would seek,
  Some memory seem'd to wake the sigh,
Strive for kind words she could not speak,
  And bless him in the tearful eye.

O sweet the jasmine's buds of snow,
  In mornings soft with May,
And silver-clear the waves that flow
  To shoreless deeps away;
But heavenward from the faithful heart
  A sweeter incense stole;—
The onward waves their source desert,
  But Soul returns to Soul!

PROCTER.

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

Day dawned :—Within a curtained room,
Filled to faintness with perfume,
A lady lay at point of doom.

Day closed :—A Child had seen the light ;
But for the lady, fair and bright,
She rested in undreaming night.

Spring rose :—The lady's grave was green ;
And near it oftentimes was seen
A gentle Boy, with thoughtful mien.

Years fled :—He wore a manly face,
And struggled in the world's rough race,
And won, at last, a lofty place.

And then—he died ! Behold, before ye,
Humanity's poor sum and story ;
Life—Death,—and all that is of Glory.

WITHIN AND WITHOUT.

WITHOUT.

The winds are bitter ; the skies are wild ;
From the roof comes plunging the drowning rain :
Without,—in tatters, the world's poor child
Sobbeth abroad her grief, her pain !
No one heareth her, no one heedeth her :
But Hunger, her friend, with his bony hand
Grasps her throat, whispering huskily—
"What dost *Thou* in a Christian land ?"

WITHIN.

The skies are wild, and the blast is cold;
  Yet riot and luxury brawl within:
Slaves are waiting, in silver and gold,
  Waiting the nod of a child of sin.
The fire is crackling, wine is bubbling
  Up in each glass to its beaded brim:
The jesters are laughing, the parasites quaffing
  "Happiness,"—"honour,"—and all for *him!*

WITHOUT.

She who is slain in the winter weather,
  Ah! she once had a village fame;
Listened to love on the moonlit heather;
  Had gentleness—vanity—maiden shame:
Now, her allies are the tempest howling;
  Prodigals' curses; self-disdain;
Poverty; misery: Well,—no matter;
  There is an end unto every pain!

WITHIN.

He who yon lordly feast enjoyeth,
  He who doth rest on his couch of down,
He it was, who threw the forsaken
  Under the feet of the trampling town:
Liar—betrayer,—false as cruel,
  What is the doom for his dastard sin?
His peers, they scorn?—high dames, they shun him?
  —Unbar yon palace, and gaze within.

There,—yet his deeds are all trumpet-sounded,
  There, upon silken seats recline
Maidens as fair as the summer morning,
  Watching him rise from the sparkling wine.
Mothers all proffer their stainless daughters;
  Men of high honour salute him "Friend!"
Skies! oh, where are your cleansing waters?
  World! oh, where do thy wonders end?

ATHERSTONE.

BATTLE SCENES.

O'ER all the plain th' Assyrian camp-fires now
Blaze high; and with the darkness a drear red
Strangely commingle. Like a burning gulf,
Sleeping till stirr'd by winds; the heaving mass
Of warriors at the mountain's foot appears;
Breast-plates, and shields, and helms, and gonfalons,
Glow blood-red here and there; but doubly dark
Elsewhere the night. Now, toward the hills all haste:
If Medes alone, or with Assyrians mixed,
I cannot know; but rapid is the speed.
The light increases: up the mountain's side,

In the red darkness faintly I discern
The slumbering myriads; and toward its foot
Onward they come; like billows of dark fire.
But farther off, in one bright blaze, the camp
Shines out: a countless multitude I see,
In flaming armour pouring o'er the plain.
Like ocean glittering 'neath the ruddy sun,
The wide field flashes; like the ocean's roar
Their clamours rise.
Among the trees a crash
I hear,—a heaving of the branches. Lights
Are thickening near the hill. Ha! now I see
They rend the boughs for torches. In his hand
Each soldier bears a branch of blazing pine.
They speed toward the heights: they shake the torch:
They wave the sword: like running flame they seem.
Now up the steep they urge. A cloud of darts
And arrows from the Medes upon them pours,—
A fiery cloud; and stones are hurled—and spears;
Yet upwards still they come. The watch-fires now
Are flaming on the hills: distinctly gleams
The battle forth. Their torches they cast down;
Not needed now. Ha! by his star-like helm,
Assyria's king appears. He shouts: he flies:
He points towards the rocks;—he waves them on.
A warrior meets him: sword with sword they fight—
Arabia's monarch, sure.—But both are lost,—
The waves of fight roll o'er them—

Meantime, along the sapphire bridge of heaven,
Far, far beyond the canopy of cloud
That mantled earth, the day-god's lightning steeds
Through the pure ether rapt his chariot-wheels,
Sounding harmonious thunder. To the height
They had ascended; and the steep decline

Half-way had measured; yet the hard-fought field
Still was contested; for, like men resolved
On that one day to peril all to come—
To die, perchance, but never to submit—
The Assyrian captains strove; and, with like fire,
Their soldiers' hearts inflamed. Aid too had come—
Chariots, and horse, and foot; who, when the scale,
Charged with Assyria's doom, was sinking fast,
Twice had its fall arrested. Once again,
When seemed that utter ruin hovered nigh,
The chariot of Assyria's beauteous queen
From rank to rank flew on: and, as they saw,
The warriors' breasts, as with new soul infused,
Like beacons freshly kindled, burst at once
Into intensest flame. Unhelmed, unarmed,
Her ebon hair loose flying in the wind,
She raised aloft her arms, her voice uplift,
And bade them on to glory. As the star
Of morning, while the sun yet sleeps below,
And the grey mist is on the dewy earth,
Her face was pale and radiant. Like a shape
From heaven descended, and to mortal harm
Impassive, gloriously and fearlessly
Through the death-laden air she flew along.
Her spirit fired the host; with deafening shouts
Onward they bore; and, for a time, the Medes
Compelled, though slowly, backward.

MARY HOWITT.

THE BALLAD OF RICHARD BURNELL.

Part I.

From his bed rose Richard Burnell
At the early dawn of day,
Ere the bells of London city
Welcomed in the morn of May.

Early on that bright May morning
Rose the young man from his bed,
He, the happiest man in London,
And thus to himself he said :—

"'When the men and maids are dancing,
And the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's shady gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!'

"Thus my Alice spake last even,
Thus with trembling lips she spake,
And those blissful words have kept me
Through the live-long night awake.

"'Tis a joy beyond expression,
When we first, in truth, perceive
That the love we long have cherished
Will not our fond hearts deceive!

"Never dared I to confess it—
Deeds of homage spoke instead;
True love is its own revealer,
She must know it! oft I said.

"All my words, and all my actions,
But one meaning could impart;
Love can love's least sign interpret,
And she reads my inmost heart.

"And her good old merchant father,—
Father he has been to me—
Saw the love grow up between us,
Saw—and was well pleased to see.

"Seven years I truly served him,
Now my time is at an end;
Master is he now no longer:
Father will be—has been friend.

"I was left betimes an orphan,
Heir unto great merchant-wealth,
But the iron-rule of kinsfolk
Dimmed my youth, and sapped my health.

"Death had been my early portion
Had not my good guardian come;
He, the father of my Alice,
And conveyed me to his home.

"Here began a new existence,—
Then how new the love of friends!
And for all the child's afflictions
Each one strove to make amends.

"Late my spring-time came, but quickly
Youth's rejoicing currents run,
And my inner life unfolded
Like a flower before the sun.

"Hopes, and aims, and aspirations
Grew within the growing boy;
Life had new interpretation;
Manhood brought increase of joy.

"In and over all was Alice,
Life-infusing, like the spring;
My soul's soul! even joy without her
Was a poor and barren thing!

"And she spoke last eve at parting,
'When the folk are mad with glee,
In the Temple's pleasant gardens
Let me walk and talk with thee!'

"As she spoke, her sweet voice trembled,—
Love such tender tones can teach!
And those words have kept me waking,
And the manner of her speech!

"For such manner has deep meaning,"
Said young Burnell, blithe and gay;—
And the bells of London city
Pealed a welcome to the May.

Part II.

Whilst the folk were mad with pleasure,
'Neath the elm-tree's vernal shade,
In the Temple's quiet gardens
Walked the young man and the maid.

On his arm her hand was resting,
And her eyes were on the ground;
She was speaking, he was silent;
Not a word his tongue had found.

"Friend beloved," she thus addressed him,
"I have faith and hope in thee!
Thou canst do what no one else can—
Thou canst be a friend to me!

"Richard, we have lived together
All these years of happy youth;
Have, as sister and as brother,
Lived in confidence and truth.

"Thou from me hast hid no feelings,
Thy whole heart to me is known;
I—I only have kept from thee
One dear, little thought alone.

"Have I wronged thee in so doing?
Then forgive me! But give ear;
'Tis to bare my heart before thee
That I now am with thee here.

"Well thou know'st my father loves thee;
'Tis his wish that we should wed,—
I shame not to speak thus frankly—
Wish, or *will* more justly said.

"But this cannot be, my brother,
Cannot be—'t were nature's wrong!—
I have said so to my father;
But thou know'st his will is strong."

Not a word spake Richard Burnell;
Not a word came to his lips;
Like one tranced he stood and listened;
Life to him was in eclipse.

In a lower tone she murmured,
Murmured like a brooding dove,
"Know thou,—Leonard Woodvil loves me,—
And—that he has won my love."

—Came a pause. The words she uttered
Seemed to turn him into stone;
Pale he stood and mute beside her,
And with blushes she went on.

"This is known unto my father;—
Leonard is well known to thee,
Thou hast praised him, praised him often—
Oh, how dear such praise to me!

"But my father, stern and steadfast,
Will not list to Leonard's prayer;—
And 't is only thou canst move him,—
Only thou so much canst dare.

"Tell my father firmly, freely,
That we only love each other—
'T is the truth, thou know'st it, Richard—
As a sister and a brother!

"Tell my father, if we wedded,
Thou and I, it would be guilt!
Thus it is that thou canst aid us—
And thou wilt—I know thou wilt!

"Yes, 'tis thus that thou must aid us,
And thou wilt! I say no more!—
We've been friends, but this will make us
Better friends than heretofore!"

Yet some moments he was silent;
His good heart was well-nigh broke;
She was blinded to his anguish;—
And "I will!" at length he spoke.

Part III.

They were wedded. 'Twas a wedding
That had far and high renown,
And from morning until even
Rang the bells of London town.

Time went on: the good old merchant
Wore a cloud upon his brow:
"Wherefore thus?" his friends addressed him,
"No man should be blithe as thou!"

"In my old age I am lonely,"
Said the merchant, "she is gone;—
And young Burnell, he I nurtured,
He who was to me a son;

"He has left me!—I 'm deserted—
E'en an old man feels such woe;
'T was but natural *she* should marry,
But *he* should not have served me so.

"'T was not that which I expected!
He was very dear to me,—
And I thought no London merchant
Would have stood as high as he!

"He grew very strange and moody,
What the cause I cannot say;—
And he left me when my daughter,
My poor Alice, went away!

"I had been a father to him,
He to me was like a son:
Young folks should have more reflection,—
'T was what *I* could not have done!

"True, he writes me duteous letters;
Calls me father, tells me all
That in foreign parts is doing,—
But young people write so small,

"That I'm often forced to leave them,
Pleasant letters though they be,
Until Alice comes from Richmond,
Then she reads them out to me.

"Alice fain would have me with her;
Leonard well deserves my praise—
But he's not my Richard Burnell,
Knows not my old wants and ways!

"No, my friends, I'll not deny it,
It has cut me to the heart,
That the son of my adoption
Thus has played a cruel part!"

So the merchant mourned and murmured;
And all foreign charms unheeding,
Dwelt the lonely Richard Burnell,
With his bruisèd heart still bleeding.

Part IV.

Time went on, and in the spring-tide,
When the birds began to build,
And the heart of all creation
With a vast delight was filled,

Came a letter unto Alice—
Then a babe lay on her breast—
'T was the first which Richard Burnell
Unto Alice had addressed.

Few the words which it contained,
But each word was like a sigh;
"I am sick and very lonely;—
Let me see thee ere I die!

"In this time of tribulation
Thou wilt be a friend to me:
Therefore in the Temple Gardens
Let me once more speak with thee."

Once more in the Temple Gardens
Sat they 'neath the bright blue sky,
With the leafage thick around them,
And the river rolling by.

Pale and weak was Richard Burnell,
Gone all merely outward grace,
Yet the stamp of meek endurance
Gave sad beauty to his face.

Silent by his side sat Alice,
Now no word her tongue could speak,
All her soul was steeped in pity,
And large tears were on her cheek.

Burnell spake: "Within these Gardens
Thy commands on me were laid,
And, although my heart was breaking,
Yet were those commands obeyed.

"What I suffered no one knoweth,
Nor shall know, I proudly said,
And, when grew the grief too mighty,
Then—there was no help—I fled.

"Yes, I loved thee, long had loved thee,
And alone the God above,
He, who at that time sustained me,
Knows the measure of my love!

"Do not let these words displease thee;
Life's sore battle soon will cease;
I have fallen amid the conflict,
But within my soul is peace.

"It has been a fiery trial,
But the fiercest pang is past;
Once more I am come amongst you—
Oh! stand by me at the last!

"Leonard will at times come to me,
And thy father. I will try
To be cheerful in his presence,
As I was in days gone by.

"Bitter has it been to leave him;
But in all my heart's distress,
The great anguish which consumed me
Seemed to swallow up the less.

"Let me go! my soul is wearied,
No fond heart of me has need,
Life has no more duties for me;—
I am but a broken reed!

"Let me go, ere courage faileth,
Gazing, gazing thus on thee!—
But in life's last awful moment,
Alice! thou wilt stand by me!"

From her seat rose Alice Woodvil,
And in steadfast tones began,
Like a strong consoling angel,
To address the dying man.

"Not in death alone, my brother,
Would I aid thee in the strife;
I would fain be thy sustainer
In the fiercer fight of life.

"With the help of God, thy spirit
Shall not in this conflict yield;
Prayer, the key which opens heaven,
Is the Christian's sword and shield.

"God will aid thee! We will hold thee
By our love!—thou shalt not go!—
And from out thy wounded spirit,
We will pluck the thorns of woe.

"Say not life has no more duties
Which can claim thee! Where are then
All the sinners; the neglected;
All the weeping sons of men?

"Ah, my friend, hast thou forgotten
All our dreams of early days?
How we would instruct poor children,
How we would the fallen raise!

"God has not to me permitted
Such great work of human love;
He has marked me out a lower
Path of duty where to move.

"But to thee, His chosen servant,
Is this higher lot allowed;
He has brought thee through deep waters,
Through the furnace, through the cloud;

"He has made of thee a mourner,
Like the Christ, that thou mayst rise
To a purer height of glory,
Through the pangs of sacrifice!

"'Tis alone of His appointing,
That thy feet on thorns have trod;
Suffering, woe, renunciation,
Only bring us nearer God.

"And when nearest Him, then largest
The enfranchised heart's embrace:—
It was Christ, the Man rejected,
Who redeemed the human race.

"Say not, then, thou hast no duties;—
Friendless outcasts on thee call,
And the sick and the afflicted,
And the children, more than all.

"Oh, my friend, rise up, and follow
Where the hand of God shall lead;
He has brought thee through affliction,
But to fit thee for His need!"

Thus she spoke; and as from midnight
Springs the opal-tinted morn,
So, within his dreary spirit,
A new day of life was born.

Strength sublime may rise from weakness,
  Groans be turned to songs of praise,
Nor are life's divinest labours
  Only told by length of days.

Young he died: but deeds of mercy
  Beautified his life's short span,
And he left his worldly substance
  To complete what he began.

ALEXANDER SMITH.

SCENE—THE BANKS OF A RIVER.

—— 'T is that loveliest stream.
I've learned by heart its sweet and devious course
By frequent tracing, as a lover learns
The features of his best beloved's face.
In memory it runs, a shining thread,
With sunsets strung upon it thick, like pearls.
From yonder trees I've seen the western sky
All washed with fire, while, in the midst, the sun
Beat like a pulse, welling at ev'ry beat
A spreading wave of light. Where yonder church
Stands up to heaven, as if to intercede
For sinful hamlets scatter'd at its feet,
I saw the dreariest sight. The sun was down,
And all the west was paved with sullen fire.
I cried, "Behold! the barren beach of hell
At ebb of tide." The ghost of one bright hour
Comes from its grave and stands before me now.
'T was at the close of a long summer day,
As we were sitting on yon grassy slope,
The sunset hung before us like a dream
That shakes a demon in his fiery lair;
The clouds were standing round the setting sun
Like gaping caves, fantastic pinnacles,
Citadels throbbing in their own fierce light,
Tall spires that came and went like spires of flame,
Cliffs quivering with fire-snow, and peaks
Of pilèd gorgeousness, and rocks of fire
A-tilt and poised, bare beaches, crimson seas—
All these were huddled in that dreadful west,
All shook and trembled in unsteadfast light,

And from the centre blazed the angry sun,
Stern as the unlash'd eye of God a-glare
O'er evening city with its boom of sin.
I do remember, as we journeyed home,
(That dreadful sunset burnt into our brains,)
With what a soothing came the naked moon.
She, like a swimmer who has found his ground,
Came rippling up a silver strand of cloud,

And plunged from the other side into the night.
I and that friend, the feeder of my soul,
Did wander up and down these banks for years,
Talking of blessed hopes and holy faiths,
How sin and weeping all should pass away
In the calm sunshine of the earth's old age.
Breezes are blowing in old Chaucer's verse;
'T was here we drank them. Here for hours we hung
O'er the fine pants and trembles of a line.
Oft, standing on a hill's green head, we felt
Breezes of love, and joy, and melody,
Blow through us, as the winds blow through the sky.
Oft with our souls in our eyes all day we fed
On summer landscapes, silver-veined with streams,
O'er which the air hung silent in its joy;
With a great city lying in its smoke,
A monster sleeping in its own thick breath;
And surgy plains of wheat, and ancient woods
In the calm evenings cawed by clouds of rooks,
Acres of moss, and long black strips of firs,
And sweet cots dropt in green, where children played,
To us unheard; till, gradual, all was lost
In distance-haze to a blue rim of hills,
Upon whose heads came down the closing sky.

PICTURES.

The lark is singing in the blinding sky,
Hedges are white with May. The bridegroom sea
Is toying with the shore, his wedded bride,
And, in the fulness of his marriage joy,
He decorates her tawny brow with shells,

Retires a space, to see how fair she looks,
Then, proud, runs up to kiss her. All is fair—
All glad, from grass to sun!

—One nymph slumbering lay,
A sweet dream 'neath her eyelids, her white limbs
Sinking full softly in the violets dim;
When timbrelled troops rushed past with branches green.
One in each fountain, riched with golden sands,
With her delicious face a moment seen,
And limbs faint gleaming through their watery veil.

—A grim old king,
Whose blood leapt madly when the trumpets brayed
To joyous battle 'mid a storm of steeds,
Won a rich kingdom on a battle-day;
But in the sunset he was ebbing fast,
Ringed by his weeping lords. His left hand held
His white steed, to the belly splashed with blood,
That seemed to mourn him with his drooping head;
His right, his broken brand; and in his ear
His old victorious banners flap the winds.
He called his faithful herald to his side—
"Go! tell the dead I come!" With a proud smile,
The warrior with a stab let out his soul,
Which fled, and shrieked through all the other world,
"Ye dead! my master comes!" And there was pause
Till the great Shade should enter.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

The last high upward slant of sun on the trees,
Like a dead soldier's sword upon his pall,
Seems to console earth for the glory gone.
Oh! I could weep to see the day die thus;
The death-bed of a day, how beautiful!
Linger, ye clouds, one moment longer there;
Fan it to slumber with your golden wings!
Like pious prayers, ye seem to soothe its end.

It will wake no more till the all-revealing day;
When, like a drop of water, greatened bright
Into a shadow, it shall show itself
With all its little tyrannous things and deeds,
Unhomed and clear. The day hath gone to God,—
Straight—like an infant's spirit, or a mocked
And mourning messenger of Grace to man.
Would it had taken me too on its wing!
My end is nigh. Would I might die outright,—
So o'er the sunset clouds of red mortality
The emerald hues of deathlessness diffuse
Their glory, heightening to the starry blue
Of all embosoming eternity.
Who that hath lain lonely on a high hill,
In the imperious silence of full moon,
With nothing but the clear dark sky about him,
Like God's Hand laid upon the head of earth,—
But hath expected that some natural spirit
Should start out of the universal air,
And, gathering his cloudy robe around him,
As one in act to teach mysterious things,
Explain that he must die?

WORDS.

The poet in his work reflects his soul,
As some lone nymph, beside a woodland well,
Whose clear white limbs, like animated light,
Make glad the heart and sanctify the sight,
The soft and shadowy miracle of her form.
The bard's aim is to give us thoughts; his art
Lieth in giving them as bright as may be.

Words are the motes of thought, and nothing more.
Words are like sea-shells on the shore; they show
Where the mind ends, and not how far it has been.
Let every thought, too, soldier-like, be stripped,
And roughly looked over. The dress of words,
Like to the Roman girl's enticing garb,
Should let the play of limb be seen through it,
And the round rising form. A mist of words,
Like halos round the moon, though they enlarge
The seeming size of thoughts, make the light less
Doubly. It is the thought writ down we want,
Not its effect,—not likenesses of likenesses.
And such descriptions are not, more than gloves
Instead of hands to shake, enough for us.
As in the good the fair; simplicity
Is Nature's first step, and the last of Art.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

—— Her form was all humanity,
Her soul all God's; in spirit and in form,
Like fair. Her cheek had the pale pearly pink
Of sea-shells, the world's sweetest tint, as though
She lived, one half might deem, on roses sopped
In silver dew; she spake as with the voice
Of spheral harmony, which greets the soul
When at the hour of death the saved one knows
His sister angels near; her eye was as
The golden fane the setting sun doth just
Imblaze; which shows, till Heaven comes down again,
All other lights but grades of gloom; her dark,
Long rolling locks were as a stream the slave
Might search for gold, and, searching, find.

SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

THE APPEAL AND THE REPROOF.

JULIA AND MASTER WALTER.

Walter. What! run the waves so high? Not ready yet!
Your lord will soon be here? The guests collect.

Julia. Show me some way to 'scape these nuptials! Do it!
Some opening for avoidance or escape,—
Or to thy charge I'll lay a broken heart!

It may be, broken vows, and blasted honour!
Or else a mind distraught!

Walter. What's this?

Julia. The strait
I'm fallen into my patience cannot bear!
It frights my reason—warps my sense of virtue!
Religion!—changes me into a thing
I look at with abhorring!

Walter. Listen to me.

Julia. Listen to me, and heed me! If this contract
Thou hold'st me to—abide thou the result!
Answer to Heaven for what I suffer!—act!
Prepare thyself for such calamity
To fall on me, and those whose evil stars
Have link'd them with me, as no past mishap,
However rare, and marvellously sad,
Can parallel! lay thy account to live
A smileless life, die an unpitied death—
Abhorr'd, abandon'd of thy kind,—as one
Who had the guarding of a young maid's peace,—
Look'd on and saw her rashly peril it;
And when she saw her danger, and confess'd
Her fault, compell'd her to complete her ruin!

Walter. Hast done?

Julia. Another moment, and I have.
Be warn'd! Beware how you abandon me
To myself! I'm young, rash, inexperienced! tempted
By most insufferable misery!
Bold, desperate, and reckless! Thou hast age,
Experience, wisdom, and collectedness,—

Power, freedom,—everything that I have not,
Yet want, as none e'er wanted! Thou canst save me,
Thou ought'st! thou must! I tell thee, at his feet
I'll fall a corse—ere mount his bridal bed!
So choose betwixt my rescue and my grave;—
And quickly too! The hour of sacrifice
Is near! Anon the immolating priest
Will summon me! Devise some speedy means
To cheat the altar of its victim. Do it!
Nor leave the task to me!

Walter. Hast done?

Julia. I have.

Walter. Then list to me—and silently, if not
With patience.— [*Brings chairs for himself and her.*
How I watch'd thee from thy childhood,
I'll not recall to thee. Thy father's wisdom—
Whose humble instrument I was—directed
Your nonage should be pass'd in privacy,
From your apt mind, that far outstripp'd your years,
Fearing the taint of an infected world;—
For in the rich ground, weeds, once taking root,
Grow strong as flowers. He might be right or wrong!
I thought him right; and therefore did his bidding.
Most certainly he loved you – so did I;
Ay! well as I had been myself your father!

[*His hand is resting upon his knee. Julia attempts to take it. He withdraws it; looks at her. She hangs her head.*

Well; you may take my hand! I need not say
How fast you grew in knowledge, and in goodness,—
That hope could scarce enjoy its golden dreams,
So soon fulfilment realized them all!

Enough. You came to womanhood; your heart
Pure as the leaf of the consummate bud,
That's new unfolded by the smiling sun,
And ne'er knew blight nor canker! When a good woman
Is fitly mated, she grows doubly good,
How good soe'er before! I found the man
I thought a match for thee; and, soon as found,
Proposed him to thee. 'Twas your father's will,
Occasion offering, you should be married
Soon as you reach'd to womanhood. You liked
My choice—accepted him. We came to town;
Where, by important matters, summon'd thence,
I left you, an affianced bride!

Julia. You did!
You did!

Walter. Nay, check thy tears! Let judgment now,
Not passion, be awake. On my return,
I found thee—what? I'll not describe the thing
I found thee then! I'll not describe my pangs
To see thee such a thing! The engineer
Who lays the last stone of his sea-built tower
It cost him years and years of toil to raise,
And, smiling at it, tells the winds and waves
To roar and whistle now—but, in a night,
Beholds the tempest sporting in its place—
May look aghast, as I did!

GERALD MASSEY.

OUR WEE WHITE ROSE.

All in our marriage garden
Grew, smiling up to God,
A bonnier flower than ever
Suckt the green warmth of the sod;
O beautiful unfathomably
Its little life unfurled;
And crown of all things was our wee
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom,
Our bud of beauty grew:
It fed on smiles for sunshine;
On tears for daintier dew:
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,
Our leaves of love were curled,
So close and close, about our wee
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance
Our house of life she filled—
Revealed each hour some fairy tower
Where winged hopes might build!
We saw—though none like us might see—
Such precious promise pearled
Upon the petals of our wee
White Rose of all the world.

But, evermore the halo
  Of Angel-light increased,
Like the mystery of moonlight
  That folds some fairy feast.
Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently
  Our darling bud up-curled,
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap—our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom;
  Our life was but in spring;
When down the solemn midnight
  We heard the Spirits sing—
"Another bud of infancy
  With holy dews impearled!"
And in their hands they bore our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing
  Could leave a loss so large;
Her little light such shadow fling
  From dawn to sunset's marge.
In other springs our life may be
  In bannered bloom unfurled,
But never, never match our wee
  White Rose of all the world.

THAT MERRY, MERRY MAY.

Ah! 'tis like a tale of olden
  Time, long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden
  Prime, and Love was lord below!
Every vein of Earth was dancing
  With the Spring's new wine!
'T was the pleasant time of flowers,
  When I met you, love of mine!
Ah! some spirit sure was straying
  Out of heaven that day,
When I met you, Sweet! a-Maying
  In that merry, merry May!

Little heart ! it shyly open'd
  Its red leaves' love-lore,
Like a rose that must be ripen'd
  To the dainty, dainty core.
But its beauties daily brighten,
  And it blooms so dear,—

Tho' a many Winters whiten,
I go Maying all the year.
And my proud heart will be praying
Blessings on the day,
When I met you, Sweet, a-Maying,
In that merry, merry May.

BABE CHRISTABEL.

In this dim world of clouding cares,
We rarely know, till wildered eyes
See white wings lessening up the skies,
The Angels with us unawares.

And thou hast stolen a jewel, Death!
Shall light thy dark up like a Star,
A Beacon kindling from afar
Our light of love, and fainting faith.

Thro' tears it gleams perpetually,
And glitters thro' the thickest glooms,
Till the eternal morning comes
To light us o'er the Jasper Sea.

With our best branch in tenderest leaf,
We've strewn the way our Lord doth come;
And, ready for the harvest-home,
His Reapers bind our ripest sheaf.

Our beautiful Bird of light hath fled:
Awhile she sat with folded wings—
Sang round us a few hoverings—
Then straightway into glory sped.

And white-winged Angels nurture her;
With heaven's white radiance robed and crown'd,
And all Love's purple glory round,
She summers on the Hills of Myrrh.

Thro' Childhood's morning-land serene
She walkt betwixt us twain, like Love;
While, in a robe of light above,
Her better Angel walkt unseen,

Till Life's highway broke bleak and wild;
Then, lest her starry garments trail
In mire, heart bleed, and courage fail,
The Angel's arms caught up the child.

Her wave of life hath backward roll'd
To the great ocean, on whose shore
We wander up and down, to store
Some treasures of the times of old:

And aye we seek and hunger on
For precious pearls and relics rare,
Strewn on the sands for us to wear
At heart, for love of her that's gone.

O weep no more! there yet is balm
In Gilead! Love doth ever shed
Rich healing where it nestles,—spread
O'er desert pillows some green palm!

God's ichor fills the hearts that bleed;
The best fruit loads the broken bough;
And in the wounds our sufferings plough,
Immortal Love sows sovereign seed.

ALLINGHAM.

AUTUMNAL SONNET.

Now Autumn's fire burns slowly along the woods,
And day by day the dead leaves fall and melt,
And night by night the monitory blast
Wails in the key-hole, telling how it pass'd
O'er empty fields, or upland solitudes,
Or grim wide wave; and now the power is felt
Of melancholy, tenderer in its moods
Than any joy indulgent Summer dealt.
Dear friends, together in the glimmering eve,
Pensive and glad, with tones that recognise
The soft invisible dew on each one's eyes,
It may be, somewhat thus we shall have leave
To walk with memory, when distant lies
Poor Earth, where we were wont to live and grieve.

MACKAY.

YOUTH AND SORROW.

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
My brow is smooth, mine eyes are bright,
My limbs are full of health and strength,
My cheeks are fresh, my heart is light.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Consort with age, but not with me;
Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
I am too young to live with thee."

"O foolish Youth, to scorn thy friend!
To harm thee wherefore should I seek?
I would not dim thy sparkling eyes,
Nor blight the roses on thy cheek.
I would but teach thee to be true;
And should I press thee overmuch,
Ever the flowers that I bedew
Yield sweetest fragrance to the touch."

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I like thee not; thy looks are chill.
The sunshine lies upon my heart,
Thou showest me the shadow still.
So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Nor touch my golden locks with grey;
Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
Let me be happy while I may."

"Good friend, thou needest sage advice;
I'll keep thy heart from growing proud,
I'll fill thy mind with kindly thoughts,
And link thy pity to the crowd.

Wouldst have a heart of pulseless stone?
Wouldst be too happy to be good?
Nor make a human woe thine own,
For sake of human brotherhood?"

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
Why should I weep while I am young?—
I have not piped—I have not danced—
My morning songs I have not sung:
The world is beautiful to me,
Why tarnish it to soul and sense?
Prithee begone! I'll think of thee
Some half a hundred winters hence."

"O foolish Youth, thou know'st me not;
I am the mistress of the earth—
'T is *I* give tenderness to love;
Enhance the privilege of mirth;
Refine the human gold from dross;
And teach thee, wormling of the sod,
To look beyond thy present loss
To thy eternal gain with God."

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I'll learn thy lessons soon enough;
If virtuous pleasure smooth my way,
Why shouldst thou seek to make it rough?
No fruit can ripen in the dark,
No bud can bloom in constant cold—
So, prithee, Sorrow, miss thy mark,
Or strike me not till I am old."

"I am thy friend, thy best of friends;
No bud in constant heats can blow—
The green fruit withers in the drought,
But ripens where the waters flow.

The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears."

Youth frowned, but Sorrow gently smiled;
Upon his heart her hand she laid,
And all its hidden sympathies
Throbbed to the fingers of the Maid.
And when his head grew grey with Time,
He owned that Sorrow spoke the truth,
And that the harvest of his prime
Was ripened by the rains of Youth.

FRANCES BROWN.

THE HOPE OF THE RESURRECTION.

SUGGESTED BY THE REMARK OF AN AFRICAN CHIEF TO A MISSIONARY.

Thy voice hath filled our forest shades,
  Child of the sunless shore!
For never heard the ancient glades
  Such wondrous words before.
Though bards our land of palms have filled
  With tales of joy or dread,—
Yet thou alone our souls hast thrilled
  With tidings of her dead.

The men of old, who slept in death
  Before the forests grew,
Whose glory faded here beneath,
  While yet the hills were new,—
The warriors famed in battles o'er,
  Of whom our fathers spake,—
The wise, whose wisdom shines no more,—
  Stranger, will they awake?

The foes who fell in thousand fights
  Beneath my conquering brand,—
Whose bones have strewn the Caffer's heights,
  The Bushman's lonely land,—

The young, who shared my warrior-way,
  But found an early urn,—
And the roses of my youth's bright day—
  Stranger, will they return?

My mother's face was fair to see—
  My father's glance was bright,—
But long ago the grave from me
  Hath hid their blessed light;
Still sweeter was the sunshine shed
  By my lost children's eyes,
That beam upon me from the dead,—
  Stranger, will they arise?

Was it some green grave's early guest,
  Who loved thee long and well,
That left the land of dreamless rest,
  Such blessed truths to tell?
For we have had our wise ones, too,
  Who feared not death's abyss,—
The strong in hope, in love the true,—
  But none that dreamed of this!

Yet, if the grave restore to life
  Her ransomed spoils again,
And ever hide the hate and strife
  That died with wayward men;—
How hath my spirit missed the star
  That guides our steps above;—
Since only earth was given to war,—
  That better land to love!

OWEN MEREDITH.

THE NEGLECTED HEART.

This heart, you would not have,
I laid up in a grave
Of song: with love enwound it;
And set sweet fancies blowing round it.

Then I to others gave it;
Because you would not have it.
"See you keep it well," I said;
"This heart's sleeping—is not dead;
But will wake some future day:
See you keep it while you may."

All great Sorrows in the world,—
Some with crowns upon their heads,
And in regal purple furl'd;
Some with rosaries and beads;
Some with lips of scorning, curl'd
At false Fortune; some, in weeds
Of mourning and of widowhood,
Standing tearful and apart—
Each one in his several mood,
Came to take my heart.

Then in holy ground they set it:
With melodious weepings wet it:
And revered it as they found it,
With wild fancies blowing round it.

And this heart (you would not have)
Being not dead, tho' in the grave,
Work'd miracles and marvels strange,
And heal'd many maladies:
Giving sight to seal'd-up eyes,
And legs to lame men sick for change.

The fame of it grew great and greater.
Then said you, "Ah, what's the matter?
How hath this heart, I would not take,
This weak heart, a child might break—
This poor, foolish heart of his—
Since won worship such as this?"

You bethought you then . . . "Ah me,
What if this heart, I did not choose
To retain, hath found the key
Of the kingdom? and I lose
A great power? Me he gave it:
Mine the right, and I will have it."

Ah, too late! For crowds exclaim'd,
"Ours it is: and hath been claim'd.
Moreover, where it lies, the spot
Is holy ground: so enter not.
None but men of mournful mind—
Men to darken'd days resign'd;
Equal scorn of Saint and Devil;
Poor and outcast; halt and blind;
Exiles from Life's golden revel

Gnawing at the bitter rind
Of old griefs; or else, confined
In proud cares, to serve and grind,—
May enter: whom this heart shall cure.
But go thou by: thou art not poor:
Nor defrauded of thy lot:
Bless thyself: but enter not!"

THE END.

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THE

POETS

OF THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY

EDITED BY

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